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SPECIMENS

OF THE

Early English Poets,

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH

OF THE

RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETRY AND LANGUAGE;

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY GEORGE ELLIS, ESQ.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

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ERRATA.

Page 24, line ult. *for* bestain'd, *read* be stain'd.
25, — 1, *for* these, *read* those.
35, — 21, *for* and, *read* though.
42, — 8, *for* thinne, *read* thin.
— — 10, *for* ginne, *read* gin.
130, title, *for* Carew, *read* Thomas Carew.
192, line 3, *for* 1667, *read* 1669, *and add*, first published, with another title, in 1658.
309, — 12, *after* first-mentioned, *add* miscellany.
315, — 21, *for* Wigge, *read* Whig.
322, — 17, *for* wen, *read* went.

SPECIMENS, *&c.*

James I.

SPECIMENS, &c.

JAMES I.

It has been remarked by bishop Percy, that almost all the poetry which was composed during the early part of the preceding reign, was remarkable for the facility and musical flow of its versification; whereas the compositions of Donne, Jonson, and many of their contemporaries are, in general, unusually harsh and discordant.

Indeed, our literature could not fail of reflecting, in some degree, the manners of the court. Our maiden queen, unable to submit, without some degree of peevishness and regret, to the ravages made in her charms by the attacks of age and infirmity, spread uneasiness and constraint all around her: and the playful gallantry inseparable from a

female court, was gradually succeeded by a more cold and gloomy system of manners. Poetry, which had long been busied with the loves and graces, were now only occupied with the abstruse researches of science; and fancy seemed to be crushed and over-laid by the weight of learning.

The accession of James I. who brought to the throne, the accomplishments and dispositions of a pedagogue, contributed to the growth of pedantry and affectation; and at the same time the sullen spirit of puritanism, which began to be widely diffused, concurred in vitiating the national taste. The theatres alone seem to have been the refuge of genius; indeed no period of our history has produced so many models of dramatic excellence: but the wretched spirit of criticism which prevailed in the closet, is evinced by the multiplied editions of Donne, Herbert, and similar versifiers; by the general preference of Jonson to Shakspeare; and by the numberless volumes of patchwork and shreds of quotation, which form the prose compositions of this age.

It is remarkable, that the series of Scotish poets terminates abruptly in this reign; and that no name of eminence occurs between those of Drummond and Thomson. Indeed it is not extraordinary, that the period which intervened between

the union of the two crowns and that of the countries, should have proved highly unpropitious to Scotish literature. Scotland becoming an appendage to the sister kingdom, was subjected, as Ireland has since been, to the worst of all governments, being abandoned to the conflict of rival families, who were alternately supported by the English administration; so that it exhibited a species of anarchy under the auspices of a legitimate sovereign.

James I. was himself a poet, and specimens of his talent, such as it was, are to be found in many of our miscellanies. He also wrote some rules and *cauteles*, for the use of professors of the art, which have been long, and perhaps deservedly, disregarded.

ROBERT BURTON,

Known to the learned by the name of Democritus junior, was born in 1576. He was a man of great learning; a philosopher a mathematician, an excellent classical scholar, and a very curious *calculator of nativities*. His "Anatomy "of Melancholy," a most singular work, in which Dr. Ferriar has detected the source of many of Sterne's most admired passages, was first published in 4to, 1621, and after passing through very many editions in folio, has been lately republished. Burton was fond of poetry, and left behind him a very curious poetical library.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY,

Prefixed to the Anatomy of Melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie waking, all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile;
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought-for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With discontents and furies, then
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see,
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, places, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.
All other joys to this are folly,
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghosts, goblins, fiends:—my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes,
Headless bears, black men, and apes.
Doleful outcries, fearful sights,
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kiss,
Methinks I now embrace my miss;
O blessed days, O sweet content,
In Paradise my time is spent!
Such thought may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love!
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone,
'Tis my desire to be alone;
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.
The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am! can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.
All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch.
My pain past cure; another hell;
I cannot in this torment dwell;
Now, desperate, I hate my life:
Lend me a halter or a knife.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

FRANCIS DAVISON,

Son of the famous secretary of state, published a poetical miscellany, in 1602, under the title of "Davison's Poems, "or a Poetical Rhapsody," containing small pieces by the author himself, by his brother Walter, by a friend whom he calls *Anomos*, by Sir John Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir P. Sidney, Dr. Campion, &c. A second edition appeared in 1608, a third in 1611, and a fourth in 1621.

When I to you of all my woes complain,
Which you make me endure without release,
With scornful smiles you answer me again,
That lovers true must bear, and hold their peace.
Dear, I will bear, and hold my peace, if you
Will hold your peace, and bear what I shall do.

CANZONET.

DESIRE'S GOVERNMENT.

WHERE wit is over-ruled by will,
And will is led by fond desire,
There reason were as good be still,
As speaking, kindle greater fire.
For where desire doth bear the sway,
The heart must rule, the head obey.

What boots the cunning pilot's skill,
To tell which way to shape the course,
When he that steers will have his will,
And drive them where he list perforce?
So reason shews the truth in vain
Where fond desire as king doth reign

An Altar and Sacrifice to Disdain, for freeing him from love.

My muse by thee restor'd to life,
To thee, Disdain, this altar rears;
Whereon she offers causeless strife,
Self-spending sighs, and bootless tears.
Long suits in vain,
Hate for good will,
Still-dying pain,
Yet living still:
Self-loving pride,
Looks coyly strange,
Will, reason's guide,
Desire of change,
And last of all
Blind fancy's fire,
False beauty's thrall,
That binds desire:
All these I offer to Disdain,
By whom I live from fancy free;
With vow, that if I love again,
My life the sacrifice shall be.

STREPHON'S PALINODE.

Sweet, I do not pardon crave,
Till I have
By deserts this fault amended;
This, I only this desire,
That your ire
May with penance be suspended.

Not my will, but fate did fetch
Me, poor wretch,
Into this unhappy error:
Which to plague, no tyrant's mind
Pain can find
Like my heart's self-guilty terror.

Then, O then! let that suffice,
Your dear eyes
Need not, need not more afflict me:
Nor your sweet tongue, dipt in gall,
Need at all
From your presence interdict me.

* * * * *

By my love, long, firm, and true,
Borne to you,

By these tears my grief expressing,
By this pipe, which nights and days
Sounds your praise,
Pity me my fault confessing.

Or, if I may not desire
That your ire
May with penance be suspended,
Yet, let me full pardon crave,
When I have
With soon death my fault amended.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek a strayed sheep,
Within a thicket, on the plain,
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill,
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the god of love that way.

The crafty boy that sees her sleep,
Whom, if she wak'd, he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Ne dares he any longer stay,
But, ere she wakes, hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone when she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by,
Her bended bow in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain let fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
But up again forthwith he start,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amaz'd to see so strange a sight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain;

The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yieldeth strength in midst of pain.

Her angry eyes are great with tears,
She blames her hands, she blames her skill,
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not the shaft,
Each little touch will prick the heart;
Alas! thou know'st not Cupid's craft,
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and prick some bare,
Her hands were glov'd, and next to hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she prick'd, and through that breast
Love finds an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how the gentle nymph doth start.

She runs not now, she shoots no more,
Away she throws both shafts and bow;
She seeks for that she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may,
So others do, and so do they;
The god of love sits on a tree,
And laughs that pleasant sight to see.

THOMAS CAMPION

Was a physician in the reign of James I. and was author of two Masques; one presented at Whitehall, on the marriage of lord Hayes (printed, 4to. 1607), and the other represented at lord Knowles's at Cawsome-house, &c. (printed, 4to. 1613.) The following are taken from Davison's poems.

OF CORINNA'S SINGING.

When to her lute Corinna sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest notes appear,
As any challeng'd echo clear:
But when she doth of mourning speak,
Even with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die
Led by her passions, so must I:
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring;
But if she do of sorrow speak,
Ev'n from my heart the strings do break.

OF HIS MISTRESS'S FACE.

And would you see my mistress' face?
It is a flow'ry garden-place,
Where knots of beauty have such grace,
That all is work, and no where space.

It is a sweet delicious morn
Where day is breeding, never born:
It is a meadow yet unshorn,
Which thousand flowers do adorn.

It is the heaven's bright reflex,
Weak eyes to dazzle and to vex;
It is th' idea of her sex
Envy of whom doth world perplex.

It is a face of death that smiles,
Pleasing, though it kill the whiles,
Where death and love in pretty wiles
Each other mutually beguiles.

It is fair beauty's freshest youth:
It is a feigned Elisium's truth,
The spring that winter'd hearts renew'th,
And this is that my soul pursu'th.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Langbaine's account of this writer is, that he was the youngest son of Edwin Sandys, archbishop of York, and born at Bishop's-Thorp, A. D. 1577. He was entered at St. Mary Hall, in Oxford, in 1588, and in 1610 began his travels into the East. He died in 1643. His translation of Ovid, once much esteemed, was published in 1632. A tragedy, called "Christ's Passion, translated from Hugo Grotius, and first printed in 1640, is much praised by Langbaine. The following extract is taken from his "Divine Poems," 1648.

Ye who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
Ye whom highest heaven embowers,
Praise the Lord with all your powers!
Angels! your clear voices raise,
Him your heavenly armies praise.
Sun, and moon with borrow'd light,
All ye sparkling eyes of night,
Waters hanging in the air,
Heaven of heavens, his praise declare!
His deserved praise record,
His, who made you by his word.

Made you evermore to last,
Set you bounds not to be past.
Let the earth his praise resound!
Monstrous whales, and seas profound,
Vapours, lightning, hail, and snow,
Storms, which, when he bids them, blow:
Flow'ry hills, and mountains high,
Cedars, neighbours to the sky,
Trees, that fruit in season yield,
All the cattle of the field,
Savage beasts, all creeping things,
All that cut the air with wings,
Ye who awful sceptres sway,
Ye, inured to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All, of high or humble birth,
Youths, and virgins, flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
Ye who bow with age's weight,
Ye who were but born of late;
Praise his name with one consent:
O how great! how excellent!

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Langbaine enumerates five-and-twenty plays written by this voluminous author. The following extracts are taken from his "Pleasant Dialogues and Dramas, &c." small 12mo. 1637.

SONG.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air blow soft, mount larks aloft,
To give my love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind.
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my love good-morrow,
To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill,
Give my fair love good-morrow.

Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,
Sing birds in every furrow.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate:
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition;
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
"Our music from the birds we borrow,
"They bidding us, we them, good-morrow."

Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those bestain'd in scarlet dye.

These that have plenty, wear, we see
But one at once, and so do we.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay oft-times with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties store,
One stomach feed at once, no more;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court, and learnt it there.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

OF MENSTRIE, EARL OF STERLING,

Was born in 1580. Having been early distinguished for his proficiency in classical learning, he was warmly patronized by James I. by whom he was knighted in 1614, and appointed Master of the Requests. By Charles I. he was created Viscount, and afterwards Earl, of Sterling, and Secretary of State for Scotch affairs; a post which he retained during 15 years, and died in February, 1640. His works consist of "Darius," a tragedy, 1603. "Crœsus," a tragedy, 1604. "The Alexandrian Tragedy," 1604. "Julius Cæsar," 1604. "A Paræsis on the Prince, and Aurora," a collection of sonnets. The latter, which was printed with the collection of his works (London, 1607), has not been republished.

Extract from a Speech of Coelia, in the Tragedy of Crœsus.

FIERCE tyrant, Death, that in thy wrath didst take
One half of me, and left an half behind,
Take this to thee, or give me th' other back,
Be altogether cruel, or all kind:

For whilst I live, thou canst not wholly die—
O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice!
Oft, with Imagination's love-quick eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

And to content my languishing desire,
Each thing, to ease my mind, some help affords:
I fancy whiles thy form—and then a-fire,
In every sound I apprehend thy words.

Then, with such thoughts my memory to wound,
I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground!
And where thou stept—O sacred seems that place!

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with tears,
These can record the life that I have led
Since first sad news breath'd death into mine ears!

I live but with despair my sprite to dash;
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave;
For my chaste flames extinguish'd in thy ash,
Can kindle now no more but in thy grave!

Extract from a Chorus in "Julius Cæsar."

This life of ours is like a rose,
Which, whilst it beauties rare array,
Doth then enjoy the least repose;
When, virgin-like, it blush we see,
Then is't of every hand the prey,
And by each wind is blown away;
Yea, though from violence 'scaped free,
* * * * *
Yet doth it languish and decay.
So, whilst the courage hottest boils,
And that our life seems best to be,
It is with danger compast still,
* * * * *
Of which, though none it chance to kill,
As nature fails, the body falls.
* * * * *
Since, as a ship amidst the deeps,
Or as an eagle through the air,
Which of their way no impression keeps,
Most swift, when seeming least to move,
This breath, of which we take such care,
Doth toss the body every where,

That it may hence with haste remove—
Life slips and sleeps always away,
  Then whence, and as it came, goes bare,
    Whose steps behind no trace do leave.—

Why should heav'n-banish'd souls thus love
  The cause and bounds of their exile,
Where they as restless strangers stray?
    And with such pain why should they reave
    That which they have no right to have,
  Which, with themselves, within short while,
As summer's beauties, must decay,
    And can give nought except the grave?

* * * * *

SONG.

[From the Aurora.]

O WOULD to God a way were found,
  That by some secret sympathy unknown,
My fair my fancy's depth might sound,
  And know my state as clearly as her own!
    Then blest, most blest were I,
    No doubt, beneath the sky,

I were the happiest wight;
For if my state they knew,
It ruthless rocks would rue,
And mend me if they might.

* * * * *

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soul doth most abound in care,
Then might my breast be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.
Might silence shew my mind,
Sighs tell how I were pin'd,
Or looks my woes relate:
Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,
Would soon discern my state.

* * * * *

Oft those that do deserve disdain,
For forging fancies get the best reward;
When I, who feel what they do feign,
For too much love am had in no regard.
Behold, by proof we see,
The gallant living free,
His fancies doth extend;
Where he that is o'ercome,

Rein'd with respects, stands dumb,
Still fearing to offend.

* * * * *

Then since in vain I plaints impart
To scornful ears, in a contemned scroll,
And since my tongue betrays my heart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soul,
Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
And not recount the crosses
That do my joys o'erthrow;
At least, to senseless things,
Mounts, vales, woods, floods, and springs,
I shall them only show.

Ah! unaffected lines,
True models of my heart;
The world may see that in you shines
The power of passion, more than art.

WILLIAM HERBERT,

EARL OF PEMBROKE.

The character of this nobleman is (as lord Orford has already observed) most admirably drawn by lord Clarendon. (Hist. Rebellion, Vol. I. p. 57.) A collection of poems, partly written by him, partly by Sir Benjamin Ruddier, and partly (as it should seem) transcribed from other writers, was published in 1660, in one volume 8vo. If the following poem be really his, it is highly creditable to his taste.

A SONNET.

So glides along the wanton brook,
With gentle pace into the main,
Courting the banks with amorous look
He never means to see again.

And so does fortune use to smile
Upon the short-lived fav'rite's face,
Whose swelling hopes she does beguile,
And always casts him in the race.

And so doth the fantastic boy,
The god of the ill-managed flames,
Who ne'er kept word in promised joy,
To lover, nor to loving dames.
So all alike will constant prove,
Both fortune, running streams, and love.

EDWARD LORD HERBERT

OF CHERBURY.

This noble author is little known as an English poet, and it must be confessed that his younger son, Henry Herbert, who collected and published his poetry, shewed more piety than taste by that publication. Its title is "Occasional "Verses of Edward lord Herbert, baron of Cherbury and "Castle-island, deceased in August, 1648. London, printed "by T. R. &c. 1665." 95 pages, 12mo.

The following, selected from an Ode of 35 stanzas, are the most tolerable verses in this little volume.

An Ode upon a question moved, whether Love should continue for ever?

HAVING interr'd her infant birth,
The watery ground that late did mourn,
Was strew'd with flowers, for the return
Of the wish'd bridegroom of the earth.

The well-accorded birds did sing
Their hymns unto the pleasant time;
And, in a sweet consorted chime,
Did welcome in the cheerful spring.

To which, soft whistles of the wind,
And warbling murmurs of a brook,
And varied notes of leaves that shook,
And harmony of parts did bind.

When, with a love none can express,
That mutually happy pair,
Melander and Celinda fair
The season with their loves did bless.

Walking thus tow'rds a pleasant grove,
Which did, it seem'd, in new delight
The pleasures of the time unite,
To give a triumph to their love;

They staid at last, and on the grass
Reposed so, as o'er his breast
She bow'd her gracious head to rest,
Such a weight as no burthen was.

Long their fix'd eyes to heaven bent,
Unchanged, they did never move,
As if so great and pure a love
No glass but it could represent.

When with a sweet and troubled look,
She first brake silence, saying, " Dear friend,
" O that our love might take no end
" Or never had beginning took !

" I speak not this with a false heart,
" (Wherewith his hand she gently strain'd)
" Or that would change a love maintain'd
" With so much love on either part.

" Nay, I protest, though death with his
" Worst counsel should divide us here,
" His terrors could not make me fear
" To come where your loved presence is.

" Only, if love's fire with the breath
" Of life be kindled, I doubt,
" With our last air 'twill be breath'd out,
" And quenched with the cold of death."

Then, with a look, it seem'd, denied
All earthly power but hers, yet so
As if to her breath he did owe
This borrow'd life, he thus replied:

" And shall our love, so far beyond
" That low and dying appetite,
" And which so chaste desires unite,
" Not hold in an eternal bond?

" O no, beloved! I am most sure
" Those virtuous habits we acquire,
" As being with the soul entire,
" Must with it evermore endure.

" Else should our souls in vain elect;
" And vainer yet were heaven's laws,
" When to an everlasting cause
" They gave a perishing effect.

" Nor here on earth then, nor above,
" Our good affection can impair:
" For where God doth admit the fair,
" Think you that he excludeth love?

" These eyes again thine eyes shall see,
" And hands again these hands enfold;
" And all chaste pleasures can be told
" Shall with us everlasting be.

" For if no use of sense remain
" When bodies once this life forsake,
" Or they could no delight partake,
" Why should they ever rise again?

" Let then no doubt, Celinda, touch,
" Much less your fairest mind invade:
" Were not our souls immortal made,
" Our equal loves can make them such."

The following Epitaph on himself (which is not noticed in Walpole's Life of Lord Herbert) is too characteristic of the writer not to deserve insertion.

THE monument which thou beholdest here,
Presents EDWARD LORD HERBERT to thy sight;
A man so free from either hope or fear,
To have or lose this ordinary light,
That when to elements his body turned were,
He knew, that as those elements would fight,
So his immortal soul should find above,
With his Creator, peace, joy, truth, and love.

DAWBRIDGECOURT BELCHIER,

Born about 1581, entered at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1597, and took the degree of B. A. at Oxford, in 1600. Some time after this he went to Utrecht, where he wrote a comedy called "Hans Beer Pot's invisible Comedy," a work which has little to recommend it, except its rarity. But the following song, if it be (like the rest of the comedy) translated from the Dutch, may possibly be thought worth preserving, as a specimen of Batavian fancy.

WALKING in a shadowy grove,
Near silver streams fair gliding,
Where trees in ranks did grace those banks,
And nymphs had their abiding;
Here as I staid, I saw a maid,
A beauteous lovely creature;
With angel face, and goddess' grace,
Of such exceeding feature:

Her looks did so astonish me,
And set my heart a quaking;
Like stag that gazed, was I amazed;
And in a stranger taking;

Yet roused myself, to see this elf,
And, lo, a tree did hide me;
Where I, unseen, beheld this queen
Awhile, ere she espied me.

Her voice was sweet, melodiously
She sung in perfect measure,
And thus she said, with trickling tears:
" Alas, my joy and treasure,
" I'll be thy wife, or lose my life,
" There's no man else shall have me:
" If God say so, I will say no;
" Although a thousand crave me.

" Oh stay not long, but come, my dear,
" And knit our marriage knot;
" Each hour a day, each month a year,
" Thou know'st I think, God wot.
" Delay not then, like worldly men,
" Good works till wither'd age:
" 'Bove other things the King of Kings
" Blest lawful marriage."—

With that she rose, like nimble roe,
The tender grass scarce bending,
And left me there, perplex'd with fear,
At this her sonnet's ending.

I thought to move this dame to love,
But she was gone already:
Wherefore I pray, that those who stay
May find their loves as steady!

PHINEAS FLETCHER,

Cousin to the celebrated dramatic writer, was author of the "Purple Island," "Piscatory Eclogues," "Locustæ," and of a dramatic work intitled "Sicelides," 1631. For his poetical character, the reader is referred to Mr. Headley's "Select Specimens of English Poetry."

LOVE.

Love's sooner felt than seen; his substance thinne
Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies;
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle ginne;
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.
Fly thence, my dear, fly fast, my Thomalin,
Who him encounters once, for ever dies.
But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul, that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips.

Oft in a voice he creeps down thro' the ear,
Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire:
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair;
Oft in a soft smooth skin doth close retire:

Oft in a smile: oft in a silent tear:
And if all fail, yet virtue's self he'll hire.
Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move:
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When love and virtue's self become the darts of love.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,

Brother of Francis Beaumont, and author of "Bosworth Field," and other poems, 1629. According to Wood, he was entered at Oxford, in 1596, at the age of 14, consequently born in 1582.

DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

Love is a region full of fires,
And burning with extreme desires;
An object seeks, of which possess'd
The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie oppress'd.
This meteor, striving high to rise,
(The fuel spent) falls down and dies.

* * * * *

Why then should lovers (most will say)
Expect so much th' enjoying day?
Love is like youth: he thirsts for age,
He scorns to be his mother's page;
But when proceeding times assuage
The former heat, he will complain,
And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins;
Hope gone, fruition now begins:
  But what is this? unconstant, frail,
  In nothing sure, but sure to fail,
  Which, if we lose it, we bewail;
And when we have it, still we bear
The worst of passions, daily fear!

When Love thus in his centre ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,
  Are shaken off; while Doubt and Grief,
  The weakest givers of relief,
  Stand in his council as the chief.
And now he to his period brought,
From Love becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove
United souls from serious love:
  The best attempts by mortals made
  Reflect on things which quickly fade;
  Yet never will I men persuade
To leave affections, where may shine
Impressions of the love divine.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

John Fletcher was born in 1576, and Francis Beaumont in 1585; but it is impossible to separate two names so closely united during their lives. It is generally supposed that Fletcher was superior in wit and imagination, Beaumont (though the younger man) in taste and judgment. Their earliest composition was the "Woman Hater," printed in 1607, 4to.

SONG.

[In the Knight of the Burning Pestle.]

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,
More than wine, or sleep, or food.
Let each man keep his heart at ease:
No man dies of that disease.
He that would his body keep
From diseases, must not weep:
But, whoever laughs and sings,
Never he his body brings
Into fevers, gouts, or rheums,
Or ling'ringly his life consumes;
Or meets with aches of the bone,
Or catarrhs, or griping stone:

But contented lives for aye.
The more he laughs the more he may.

SONG.

[From the Tragedy of the Bloody Brother.]

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day
Lights, that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
That thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SONG.

[In the Nice Valour.]

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd save bats and owls;
A midnight bell, a parting groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

SONG.

[In a Masque.]

Ye should stay longer if we durst——
Away. Alas, that he that first
Gave time wild wings to fly away,
Has now no power to make him stay!
And though these games must needs be play'd,
I wish this pair, when they are laid,
And not a creature nigh 'em,
Might catch his scythe as he doth pass,
And cut his wings, and break his glass,
And keep him ever by 'em.

SONG.

[In the Queen of Corinth.]

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
Sorrow calls no time that's gone.
Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
Makes not fresh nor grow again.
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see.

Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast,
Why should sadness longer last?
Grief is but a wound to woe,
Gentlest fair! mourn, mourn, no moe.

DUET.

[In the Captain.]

"TELL me, dearest, what is love?"
'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire;
'Tis a boy they call Desire;
'Tis a grave
Gapes to have
Those poor fools that long to prove.

"Tell me more, are women true?"
Yes, some are, and some as you.
Some are willing, some are strange,
Since you men first taught to change;
And till troth
Be in both,
All shall love, to love anew.

"Tell me more yet, can they grieve?"
Yes, and sicken sore, but live,

And be wise, and delay
When you men are as wise as they:
" Then I see
" Faith will be
" Never till they both believe."

SONG.

[In the Elder Brother.]

Beauty clear and fair,
Where the air
Rather like a perfume dwells;
Where the violet and the rose
Their blue veins in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live near
And planted there,
Is to live and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More than light, perpetual bliss;
Make me live by serving you!

* * * * *

SONG.

[In a Wife for a Month.]

Let those complain that feel love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes;
With roses gently he has corrected me;
My war is without rage or blows;
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms and sighs all day,
Reckoning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply?
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong.
To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

A CHARM.

[From his Poems, 1640.]

Sleep, old man! let silence charm thee;
Dreaming slumbers overtake thee:
Quiet thoughts, and darkness arm thee,
That no creaking do awake thee!

Phœbe hath put out her light,
All her shadows closing:
Phœbe lends her horns to-night
To thy head's disposing.

Let no fatal bell or clock,
Pierce the hollow of thine ear!
Tongueless be the early cock,
Or what else may add a fear.

Let no rat, nor silly mouse,
Move the senseless rushes;
Nor a cough disturb this house
Till Aurora blushes!

Come, my sweet Corinna, come,
Laugh, and leave thy late deploring,
Sable midnight makes all dumb,
But thy jealous husband's snoring.

And with thy sweet perfumed kisses,
Entertain a stranger:
Love's delight and sweetest bliss, is
Got with greatest danger.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND,

Of Hawthornden, born in 1585, died in 1649. Mr. Pinkerton considers him, and justly, as the second of all the Scotish poets, being only inferior to Dunbar. His "Poems" appeared in 4to. Edin. 1616; his "Flowres of Sion," Edin. 1630: and both are contained, though with some variations in the text, in the 8vo. edition of London, 1656, with a curious head by Gaywood. The collection of his works, printed by Watson (Edinburgh, 1711), is also esteemed; but a correct edition of this charming poet is much wanted, and, as it is said, may be soon expected from Dr. Anderson.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings;
Sole comforter of minds with grief opprest!
Lo! by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possest;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st, alas! who cannot be thy guest,

Since I am thine, oh! come, but with that face,
To inward light, which thou art wont to shew,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath,
I long to kiss the image of my death.

SONNET TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wast, when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before.
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Dear quirister, who from those shadows sends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er, not in a dream, did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despight;
Tell me, (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus com-
plains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

SONG.

Phœbus arise,
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red:
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,

That she may thy career with roses spread.
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing,
Make an eternal spring;
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead!
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor-like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair.
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

* * * * * *

This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My love, to hear, and recompence my love!
Fair king, who all preserves,
But shew thy blushing beams;
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see, than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.

* * * * * *

Now Flora deck thyself in fairest guise,
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay;
Let zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.

* * * * *

The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star.
Night, like a drunkard, reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

SONNET.

Thrice happy he, who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live, his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd, which new-born flow'rs unfold,

Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweet are streams to poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

SONNET.

Sweet spring, thou turn'st, with all thy goodly train,
Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their show'rs.
Thou turn'st, sweet youth! but ah! my pleasant hours
And happy days, with thee come not again!
The sad memorials only of my pain
Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets to sours!
Thou art the same which still thou wast before;
Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
Is gone, nor gold nor gems her can restore.
Neglected virtue! seasons go and come,
While thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
Well pleased with delights which present are;
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leavy bow'rs
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare;
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driv'n
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heav'n?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angel's lays.

This world a hunting is,
The prey poor man; the Nimrod fierce is Death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife, that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills that haunt us while we breathe.

Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and there we panting die.

DAVID MURRAY.

[From his "Cœlia," 1611, consisting of sonnets and epitaphs, annexed to "the Tragical Death of Sophonisba," a poem. See Campbell's Introduction to the History of Poetry in Scotland, p. 130.]

TO AURORA.

Pale sad Aurora, leave thy showers to rain,
Of pearl-like chrystal tears thou daily sheds,
In tender bosoms of the flowery meads,
Wailing his death who at Ilion's siege was slain.
Oh, let thy soul appeased with this remain,
That those thy tears plead pity by their sight,
And more, the great bright pattern of the light
To quench his drought, carouses them again.
Cease then to weep, and leave me still to mourn;
Complaining best becomes my mirthless state,
Whom quenchless flames of luckless love does burn;
(Thy Memnon's loss requires no more regret)
And since my own cannot procure but scorn,
Lend me thy moving tears, sweet weeping morn.

SONNET XX.

Ponder thy cares, and sum them all in one,
Get the account of all thy heart's disease,
Reckon the torments do thy mind displease,
Write up each sigh, each plaint, each tear, each groan:
Remember on thy grief conceived by day,
And call to mind thy night's disturbed rest;
Think on those visions did thy soul molest,
While as thy weary corpse a-sleeping lay;
And when all these thou hast enroll'd aright,
Into the count-book of thy daily care,
Extract them truly: then present the sight
With them of flinty Cœlia, the fair,
That she may see if yet more ills remain
For to be paid to her unjust disdain.

GEORGE WITHER.

This poet was born in 1588, and died in 1667. He was a most voluminous writer; but no complete edition of his works was ever published, although no author perhaps was ever more admired by his contemporaries. A list of his pieces is given in Wood's account of his life, (Ath. Vol. II. page 391.) and at the end of a small pamphlet called "Extracts from Juvenilia, &c. printed by George Bigg, 1785;" and a more complete catalogue at the end of "Fides Anglicana, 1662."

[The following Extracts are all to be found in his "Mistresse "of Phil'arete," 1622; though in the first and seventh pieces, the text of the pirated edition (1620) has been sometimes preferred.]

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or my cheeks make pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her merit's value known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of *best*;
If she seem not such to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I though great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be?

Amaryllis I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too;
Daphne for her love I chose;
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held as dear;
Yea, a thousand lik'd, well-near;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either;
'Cause to be of one possess'd,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

Lordly gallants, tell me this:
Though my safe content you weigh not.
In your greatness what one bliss
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not?

You have honours, you have wealth,
I have peace, and I have health;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be;
This or that man's fall I fear not;
Him I love that loveth me;
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

* * * * *

WANTONS! 'tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced passions, feigned dyings,
Gesture's temptings, tear's beguilings,
Dancings, singings, kissings, smilings,
Nor those painted sweets, with which
You unwary men bewitch,
(All united, nor asunder)
That can compass such a wonder,
Or to win you love prevail,
Where her moving virtues fail.

Beauties! 'tis not all those features
Placed in the fairest creatures,
Though their best they should discover,
That can tempt, from her, a lover.
'Tis not those soft snowy breasts,
Where love, rock'd in pleasure, rests;
Nor the nectar that we sip
From a honey-dropping lip;
Nor those eyes whence beauty's lances
Wound the heart with wanton glances:
Nor those sought delights, that lie
In love's hidden treasury,
That can liking gain, where she
Will the best-beloved be.

For, should those who think they may
Draw my love from her away,
Bring forth all their female graces,
Wrap me in their close embraces;
Practise all the art they may,
Weep, or sing, or kiss, or pray;—
One poor thought of her would arm me
So as Circe could not harm me.
Since, beside those excellencies,
Wherewith others please the senses,
She, whom I have praised so,
Yields delights for reason too.

Who could doat on thing so common,
As mere outward-handsome woman?
Those half-beauties only win
Fools to let affection in.
Vulgar wits, from reason shaken,
Are with such impostures taken;
And, with all their art in love,
Wantons can but wantons move.

[*Abridged from* 18 *stanzas.*]

HAIL! thou fairest of all creatures
  Upon whom the sun doth shine;
Model of all rarest features,
  And perfections most divine:
Thrice, all hail! and blessed be
Those that love and honour thee.

Though a stranger to the Muses,
  Young, obscured, and despis'd,
Yet, such art thy love infuses,
  That I thus have poetiz'd.
Read, and be content to see
Thy admired power in me.—

On this glass of thy perfection
If that any women pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby:
And if ought amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.—

This thy picture, therefore show I,
Naked, unto every eye;
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy;
For, the more make love to thee,
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover,
That will mew thee in a jail;
But thy beauty I discover,
English-like, without a veil.
If thou may'st be won away,
Win and wear thee he that may.

Yet in this thou may'st believe me,
(So indifferent though I seem)
Death with tortures would not grieve me
More, than loss of thy esteem.
For, if VIRTUE me forsake,
All a scorn of me will make.

Then, as I, on thee relying,
Do no changing fear in thee,
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing keep thou me:
That unmatched we may prove,
Thou, for beauty; I, for love.—

[*Abridged from* 12 *stanzas.*]

Sad eyes, what do you ail,
To be thus ill-disposed?
Why doth your sleeping fail,
Now all men's else are closed?
Was't I, that ne'er did bow
In any servile duty,
And will you make me now
A slave to love and beauty?—

What hopes have I, that she
Will hold her favours ever,
When so few women be
That constant can persever?
Whate'er she do protest,
When fortunes do deceive me,
Then she, with all the rest,
I fear, alas! will leave me.—

Shall then, in earnest truth,
  My careful eyes observe her?
Shall I consume my youth,
  And short my time to serve her?
Shall I, beyond my strength,
  Let passion's torments prove me?
To hear her say at length,
  "Away—I cannot love thee."

O, rather let me die
  Whilst I thus gentle find her;
'Twere worse than death, if I
  Should find she proves unkinder!
One frown, though but in jest,
  Or one unkindness, feigned,
Would rob me of more rest
  Than e'er could be regained.

But in her eyes I find
  Such signs of pity moving,
She cannot be unkind,
  Nor err, nor fail in loving.
And, on her forehead, this
  Seems written to relieve me;
My heart no joy shall miss,
  That love or she can give me.—

And this shall be the worst
  Of all that can betide me,
If I, like some, accurs'd,
  Should find my hopes deride me;
My cares will not be long;
  I know which way to mend them:
I'll think who did the wrong,
  Sigh, break my heart, and end them.

[*Abridged from* 10 *stanzas.*]

Hence, away, thou Syren, leave me,
  Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me,
  Though thou prove a thousand charms;
    Fie, fie, forbear!
    No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
    Thy painted baits,
    And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be,
  Nor shall that soft snowy breast,

Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest:
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soon-enamour'd swain:
Those forced wiles
Of sights and smiles,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Shew not me thy painted beauty,
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy cloaths,
And feigned oaths, may love obtain:
I love her so,
Whose look swears *no;*
That all thy labour will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on others breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From the never-touched thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,

That is the pride of Cynthia's train:
Then stay thy tongue,
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him.
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb?
No, no; though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain:
And those I'll prove,
So will thy love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.—

I do scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo:
Give me her, whose sun-like beauty
Buzzards dare not soar unto:
She, she it is
Affords that bliss
For which I would refuse no pain:
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu!
You seek to captive me in vain.—

Leave me then, thou Syren, leave me,
Seek no more to work my harms:
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me;
I am proof against your charms:
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

The following Rhomboidal Dirge, is inserted on account of its singularity.

Ah me!
Am I the swain,
That late, from sorrow free,
Did all the cares on earth disdain?
And still untouch'd, as at some safer games,
Play'd with the burning coals of love and beauty's flames?
Was't I, could dive, and sound each passion's secret depth at will,
And from those huge o'erwhelmings rise by help of reason still?
And am I now, O heavens! for trying this in vain,
So sunk, that I shall never rise again?
Then, let despair set sorrow's string
For strains that doleful'st be,
And I will sing
Ah me!

But why,
O fatal time,
Dost thou constrain, that I
Should perish in my youth's sweet prime?
I, but a while ago, you cruel powers!
In spite of fortune cropt contentment's sweetest flowers;
And yet, unscorned, serve a gentle nymph, the fairest she
That ever was belov'd of man, or eyes did ever see.
Yea, one whose tender heart would rue for my distress,
Yet I, poor I, must perish ne'ertheless;
And, which much more augments my care,
Unmoaned I must die,
And no man e'er
Know why!

Thy leave,
My dying song,
Yet take, ere grief bereave
The breath which I enjoy too long.
Tell thou that fair one this; my soul prefers
Her love above my life: and that I died hers.
And let him be for evermore to her remembrance dear,
Who lov'd the very thought of her, whilst he remained here.
And now farewell, thou place of my unhappy birth,
Where once I breath'd the sweetest air on earth.
Since me my wonted joys forsake,
And all my trust deceive,
Of all I take
My leave.

Farewell,
Sweet groves, to you!
You hills that highest dwell,
And all you humble vales adieu!
You wanton brooks, and solitary rocks;
My dear companions all, and you my tender flocks!
Farewel, my pipe! and all those pleasing songs, whose moving strains
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains.
You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
Have, without pity, broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And others joy,
Farewell!

Adieu,
Fair shepherdesses!
Let garlands of sad yew
Adorn your dainty golden tresses!
I, that lov'd you, and often with my quill
Made music that delighted fountain, grove, and hill,
I, whom you loved so, and with a sweet and chaste embrace,
Yea, with a thousand rarer favours would vouchsafe to grace,
I now must leave you all alone of love to plain;
And never pipe, nor never sing again.
I must, for evermore, be gone,
And therefore bid I you,
And every one,
Adieu!

I die!
For, oh! I feel
Death's horrors drawing nigh,
And all this frame of nature reel.
My hopeless heart, despairing of relief,
Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest grief,
Which hath so ruthless torn, so rack'd, so tortur'd every vein;
All comfort comes too late to have it ever cur'd again.
My swimming head begins to dance death's giddy round,
A shuddering chillness doth each sense confound,
Benumb'd is my cold-sweating brow,
A dimness shuts my eye,
And now, oh now,
I die!

RICHARD BRATHWAYT,

Author of the "English Gentleman and Gentlewoman," was born in Westmoreland, 1588, entered at Oriel College, Oxford, 1604, and afterwards became a trained-band captain, a deputy lieutenant, a justice of peace, and a noted wit and poet. He died in 1673, leaving behind him (says Wood) the character of a well-bred gentleman, and a good neighbour. His publications were numerous. Vide Ath. Vol. II. p. 516.

SONG.

[From the Shepherd's Tales, contained in "Nature's "Embassie," 1621, 8vo.]

If marriage life yield such content,
What heavy hap have I!
Whose life with grief and sorrow spent,
Wish death, yet cannot die.
She's bent to smile when I do storm,
When I am cheerful too
She seems to low'r. Then, who can cure
Or counterpoise my woe?

My marriage-day chac'd joy away,
For I have found it true,
That bed which did all joys display
Became a bed of *rue*.
Where asps do browze on fancy's flow'r,
And beauty's blossom too;
Then where's that power on earth, may cure
Or counterpoise my woe?

I thought love was the lamp of life,
No life withouten love;
No love like to a faithful wife;
Which when I sought to prove,
I found her birth was not of earth,
For ought that I could know,
Of good ones I perceiv'd a dearth;
Then who can cure my woe?

* * * * *

My board no dishes can afford
But *chafing-dishes* all!
Where self-will domineers as lord
To keep poor me in thrall.
My discontent gives her content,
My friend she vows her foe;
How should I then my sorrows vent
Or cure my endless woe?

No cure to care, farewell all joy,
Retire poor soul, and die!
Yet ere thou die, thyself employ
That thou may'st mount the sky:
Where thou may'st move commanding Jove
That Pluto he might go
To wed thy wife, who ended thy life;
For this will cure thy woe!

CARE'S CURE, OR A FIG FOR CARE.

[From "Panedone, or Health from Helicon," 1621.]

HAPPY is that state of his,
Takes the world as it is.
Lose he honour, friendship, wealth,
Lose he liberty or health;
Lose he all that earth can give,
Having nought whereon to live;
So prepar'd a mind's in him,
He's resolv'd to sink or swim.

Should I ought dejected be,
'Cause blind fortune frowns on me?
Or put finger in the eye
When I see my Damon die?

Or repine such should inherit
More of honours than of merit?
Or put on a sourer face,
To see virtue in disgrace?

Should I weep, when I do try
Fickle friends' inconstancy?
Quite discarding mine and me,
When they should the firmest be;
Or think much when barren brains
Are possess'd of rich domains,
When in reason it were fit
They had wealth unto their wit?

Should I spend the morn in tears,
'Cause I see my neighbour's ears
Stand so slopewise from his head,
As if they were horns indeed?
Or to see his wife at once
Branch his brow and break his sconce,
Or to hear her in her spleen
Callet like a butter-quean?

Should I sigh, because I see
Laws like spider-webs to be,
Where lesser flies are quickly ta'en,
While the great break out again;

Or so many schisms and sects,
Which foul heresy detects,
To suppress the fire of zeal
Both in church and common-weal?

No, there's nought on earth I fear
That may force from me one tear.
Loss of honours, freedom, health,
Or that mortal idol, wealth;
With these, babes may grieved be,
But they have no pow'r on me.
Less my substance, less the share
In my fear and in my care.

Thus to love, and thus to live,
Thus to take, and thus to give,
Thus to laugh, and thus to sing,
Thus to mount on pleasure's wing,
Thus to sport, and thus to speed,
Thus to flourish, nourish, feed,
Thus to spend, and thus to spare,
Is to bid *a fig for care.*

WILLIAM BROWN,

Seems to have been born about 1590, at Tavistock, in Devonshire, educated at Oxford, and afterwards at the Middle Temple, where he published, in 1613, the first part of his "Britannia's Pastorals." In 1614 was published his "Shepherd's Pipe," and, two years after, the second part of the Pastorals. In 1624 he returned to Exeter college, and became tutor to Robert Dormer, afterwards earl of Carnarvon. He then went into the family of the earl of Pembroke, and is supposed to have died in 1645. An elegant edition of his works, which were become extremely scarce, was published in 1772, in three small volumes, by Mr. Davies.

We are obliged to Brown for having preserved, in his Shepherd's Pipe, a curious poem by Occleve. Mr. Warton supposes his works to "have been well known to Milton."

SONG.

[In Britannia's Pastorals.]

SHALL I tell you whom I love?
Hearken then a while to me:
And if such a woman move
As I now shall versifie,
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,
  As she scorns the help of art;
In as many virtues dight
  As e'er yet embrac'd a heart;
So much good, so truly tried,
Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire
  To make known how much she hath:
And her anger flames no higher
  Than may fitly sweeten wrath;
Full of pity as may be,
Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
  And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
  Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
  Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or—so,
  That she be but somewhile young;
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

THYRSIS'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

[From England's Helicon.]

On a hill that grac'd the plain
Thyrsis sate, a comely swain,
  Comelier swain ne'er graced a hill;
Whilst his flock, that wander'd nigh,
Cropt the green grass busily,
  Thus he tuned his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many several odours yield,
  Odours aromatical:
From fair Astra's cherry lip
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
  They in pleasing passen all.

Leafy groves now mainly ring
With each sweet bird's sonnetting,
  Notes that make the echoes long:
But when Astra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
  And are list'ning to her song.

Fairly spreads the damask rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose

Beauties, pencils cannot feign:
Yet, if Astra pass the bush,
Roses have been seen to blush;
She doth all their beauties stain.

* * * * *

Fields are blest with flow'ry wreath,
Air is blest when she doth breathe,
Birds make happy every grove,
She each bird when she doth sing;
Phœbus heat to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.

* * * * *

THE SYREN'S SONG.

[In the Inner Temple Mask.]

STEER, hither steer, your winged pines,
All beaten mariners!
Here lie love's undiscover'd mines,
A prey to passengers.
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phœnix' urn and nest,
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips;

But come on shore,
Where no joy dies 'till love hath gotten more.
For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be a while our guests;
For stars, gaze on our eyes;
The compass love shall hourly sing,
And, as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies 'till love hath gotten more.

HENRY KING,

Bishop of Chichester, was born in 1591. He turned the Psalms into verse in 1651, and published in 1657 a small volume of Poems, Elegies, Paradoxes, and Sonnets. His Elegies are written on the deaths of Prince Henry, Sir Walter Raleigh, Gustavus Adolphus, Dr. Donne, and Ben Jonson, whom he laments as his dead friends, and some others; particularly his father, Dr. John King, bishop of London.

His poems are terse and elegant, but, like those of most of his contemporaries, deficient in simplicity. He died in 1669.

A DIRGE.

WHAT is th' existence of man's life?
But open war, or slumber'd strife?
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements:
And never feels a perfect peace
Till death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm, where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood:
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,

Which beats his bark with many a wave
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flow'r, which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall, faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep:
Then shrinks into that fatal mold,
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream, whose seeming truth
Is moralized in age and youth:
Where all the comforts he can share
As wand'ring as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial, which points out
The sun-set, as it moves about;
And shadows out, in lines of night,
The subtle stages of time's flight,
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
The body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include;

The world the stage, the prologue, tears:
The acts, vain hope, and varied fears.
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

TO PATIENCE.

Down! stormy passions, down! no more
Let your rude waves invade the shore
Where blushing reason sits, and hides
Her from the fury of your tides.

* * * * *

Fall, easy patience, fall, like rest,
Whose soft spells charm a troubled breast;
And where those rebels you espy,
O! in your silken cordage tie
Their malice up! so shall I raise
Altars to thank your power, and praise
The sov'reign virtue of your balm,
Which cures a tempest by a calm.

THE SURRENDER.

My once dear love, hapless that I no more
Must call thee so, the rich affection's store
That fed on hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,
Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.
We, that did nothing study, but the way
To love each other, with which thoughts the day
Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
We, that did nothing wish that heav'n could give,
Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
Beyond that wish; all these now cancel must,
As if not writ in faith, but words, and dust.
Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make;
Witness the chaste desires that never brake
Into unruly hearts; witness that breast
Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest;
'Tis no default in us, I dare acquite
Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
As thy pure self. Cross planets did envy
Us to each other, and heav'n did untie
Faster than vows could bind— * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * Like turtle doves
Dislodged from their haunts, we must in tears
Unwind a love, knit up in many years;

In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself; so thou again art free.
Thou, in another, sad as that, re-send
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now turn from each: so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorc'd soul from her body parts.

FRANCIS QUARLES,

Born 1592, was a very voluminous and very popular writer; and though, as Mr. Headley justly observes, he "too often "mistook the enthusiasm of devotion for the inspiration of "fancy," he certainly deserved a great part of the reputation for which he was principally indebted to his loyalty and devotion. Mr. Jackson of Exeter, in his "Thirty Let- "ters," and Dr. Anderson, in his life of P. Fletcher, have defended him against the contempt of Pope. The following lines, extracted from his "Shepherd's Oracles, 1646," will perhaps be thought worth preserving, as they describe, with some humour, the taste of the Puritans. He died 1644. See Mr. Headley's more particular account.

SONG OF ANARCHUS.

Know then, my brethren, heav'n is clear,
And all the clouds are gone;
The righteous now shall flourish, and
Good days are coming on:
Come then, my brethren, and be glad,
And eke rejoice with me;
Lawn sleeves and rochets shall go down,
And hey then up go we!

We'll break the windows which the Whore
  Of Babylon hath painted,
And when the popish saints are down,
  Then Barrow shall be sainted:
There's neither cross, nor crucifix,
  Shall stand for men to see;
Rome's trash and trumperies shall go down,
  And hey! then up go we!

* * * * *

We'll down with all the *Varsities*,
  Where learning is profess'd,
Because they practise and maintain
  The language of the beast:
We'll drive the doctors out of doors,
  And arts, whate'er they be;
We'll cry both arts and learning down,
  And hey! then up go we!

* * * * *

If once that Anti-christian crew
  Be crush'd and overthrown,
We'll teach the nobles how to crouch,
  And keep the gentry down.
Good manners have an ill report,
  And turn to pride, we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down,
  And hey! then up go we!

The name of lord shall be abhorr'd,
For every man's a brother;
No reason why, in church, or state,
One man should rule another.
But when the change of government
Shall set our fingers free,
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop,
And hey! then up go we!

Our coblers shall translate their souls,
From caves obscure and shady;
We'll make Tom T*** as good as my lord,
And Joan as good as my lady:
We'll crush and fling the marriage ring
Into the Roman *see*;
We'll ask no bands, but e'en clap hands,
And hey! then up go we!

GEORGE HERBERT,

Third brother of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born in 1593. Nature seems to have intended him for a knight errant, but disappointed ambition made him a saint. Walton tells us that no less than 10,000 copies of his poems were sold; a circumstance which proves the religious zeal, much more than the good taste, of his contemporaries. He was fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and orator of the University; and (because not desiring, says Fuller) had no higher preferment than the benefice of Bemmerton, near Salisbury, and the prebend of Leighton, in the cathedral of Lincoln; at the former of which he built a parsonage, and at the latter a church. He died about 1635.

LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by:
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they
By noon, most cunningly, did steal away,
And wither in my hand.
My hand was next to them, and then my heart;
I took, without more thinking, in good part,

Time's gentle admonition;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet sugaring the suspicion.
Farewell, dear flow'rs! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell and ornament,
And after death, for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

ISAAC WALTON.

This author was born in 1593, and died 1683. He is justly celebrated for his biographical pieces, and has described the characters of Sir H. Wotton, Donne, Hooker, and Herbert, with a degree of minuteness, which he alone could render interesting. But he is principally known by his "Com- "plete Angler;" a truly original treatise on the theory of an art from which the invincible patience of some men is able to extract amusement.

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be:
These chrystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice,
Sit here, and see the turtle dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love.

Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty, please my mind
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April-showers;

There hear my Kenna sing a song,
Here see a black-bird feed her young,

Or a *leverock*[1] build her nest;
Here give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitch'd thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus free from law-suits, and the noise
Of princes' courts I would rejoice.

Or with my *Bryan*,[2] and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford-brook;
There sit by him and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set:
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

[1] Laverock, lark.

[2] Supposed to be the name of a favourite dog.

JAMES SHIRLEY,

Was born in London, about 1594, educated at Merchant Taylors' School, entered at St. John's College, Oxford, and afterwards removed to Cambridge. He successively became an English divine, a Popish schoolmaster, and a deservedly celebrated writer of plays (of which he published 39) from 1629 to 1660. He died in 1666 immediately after the great fire of London, and was interred in the same grave with his second wife, who died the same day, and was supposed, as well as Shirley, to have owed her death to the fright occasioned by that calamity. Besides his plays he published a volume of poems, 1646.

UPON HIS MISTRESS SAD.

MELANCHOLY hence! and get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat.
Here, the air and nimble fire
Would shoot up to meet desire:
Sullen humour leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here
Make a spring-tide all the year.

Love! a thousand sweets distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes, that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us!
And, while we thy raptures taste,
Compel time himself to stay;
Or by his fore-lock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

THE GARDEN.

This garden does not take my eyes,
Though here you show how art of men
Can purchase nature at a price,
Would stock old Paradise again.

These glories while you dote upon,
I envy not your spring, nor pride.
Nay, boast the summer all your own:
My thoughts with less are satisfied.

Give me a little plot of ground,
Where, might I with the sun agree,

Though every day he walk the round,
My garden he should seldom see.

Those tulips that such wealth display
To court my eye, shall lose their name;
Though now they listen, as if they
Expected I should praise their flame.

But I would see myself appear
Within the violet's drooping head,
On which a melancholy tear
The discontented morn hath shed.

Within their buds let roses sleep,
And virgin lilies on their stem,
Till sighs from lovers glide, and creep
Into their leaves to open them.

I' th' centre of my ground, compose
Of bays and yew my summer room,
Which may, so oft as I repose,
Present my arbour, and my tomb.

* * * * *

No birds shall live within my pale
To charm me with their shames of art,

Unless some wandering nightingale
Come here to sing and break her heart;

Upon whose death I'll try to write
An epitaph in some funeral stone,
So sad and true, it may invite
Myself to die, and prove mine own.

[*From "the Contention of Ajax and Ulysses for the "Armor of Achilles."*]

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still.
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

THOMAS MAY,

A celebrated poet and historian, born about 1596, in Sussex, of a worshipful but decayed family, says Fuller; bred fellow-commoner in Sidney College, Cambridge, and afterwards resident in Westminster and about the court. He died suddenly in 1652, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey. See his character in lord Clarendon's History. His Latin Supplement, and English translation of Lucan's Pharsalia, have been much esteemed; besides which he wrote metrical histories of Henry II. and Edward III. a History of the Parliament, in prose, and five plays.

SONG.

[From "the Old Couple," 1658, 4to.]

DEAR, do not your fair beauty wrong,
In thinking still you are too young;
The rose and lilies in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek.

Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet;
Then lose no time, for love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.

PATRICK HANNAY.

From his poems, 1622. Hannay appears to have served in a military capacity, under Sir Andrew Gray, knt. a colonel of foot, and general of artillery to the king of Bohemia. His "Happy Husband, with a Wife's Behaviour after Mar-"riage," was printed in 1619, and again, with "Philomela, "the Nightingale," "Sheretine and Mariana," "Elegies," "Songs and Sonnets," in 1622. These productions he describes to be the "fruit of some hours he with the Muses "spent."

SONG.

Amantium ira amoris redintegratio est.

Cœlia jealous, lest I did
In my heart affect another,
Me her company forbid.—
Women cannot passion smother.

The dearer love, the more disdain,
When truth is with distrust requited:
I vow'd (in anger) to abstain.—
She found her fault, and me invited.

I came with intent to chide her,
'Cause she had true love abus'd,
Resolved never to abide her:
Yet, her fault she so excus'd,

As it did me more entangle;
Telling "True love must have fears."—
They ne'er lov'd that ne'er did wrangle;
Lovers' jars but love endears.

SONG.

SERVANT, farewell!—is this my hire?
Do my deserts no more require?
No! do not think to cheat me so;
I will have more yet ere you go.

Thy lov'd idea I'll arrest,
And it imprison in my breast:
In sad conceit it there shall lie,
My jealous love shall keep the key.

* * * * *

Nor think it ever shall part thence
Or that I will with it dispense:
Thy love alone can me avail,
Thyself alone I'll take for bail.

[*Extracted from "Philomela."*]

* * * * *

The maple with a scarry skin
Did spread broad pallid leaves;
The quaking aspin, light and thin,
To th' air light passage gives;
Resembling still
The trembling ill
Of tongues of womankind,
Which never rest,
But still are prest
To wave with every wind.

* * * * *

JOHN HAGTHORPE.

A small volume of his poems, consisting of "Divine Medi-
"tations and Elegies," was published in 1622, and in the next year a second collection, which he calls "Visiones "Rerum, the Visions of Things." All of these bear testimony to his learning and piety, but his subjects were too sublime for his genius. Of the anecdotes of his life I know nothing.

ON TIME.

TIME! I ever must complain
Of thy craft and cruel cunning;
Seeming fix'd here to remain,
When thy feet are ever running:
And thy plumes
Still resumes
Courses new, repose most shunning.

Like calm winds thou passest by us;
Lin'd with feathers are thy feet;
Thy downy wings with silence fly us,
Like the shadows of the night;

Or the stream
That no beam
Of sharpest eye discerns to fleet.

Therefore mortals all, deluded
By thy grave and wrinkled face,
In their judgments have concluded
That thy slow and snail-like pace
Still doth bend
To no end,
But to an eternal race.

Budding youth's vain blooming wit
Thinks the spring shall ever last;
And the gaudy flowers that sit
On Flora's brow, shall never taste
Winter's scorn,
Nor, forlorn,
Bend their heads with chilling blast.

Riper age expects to have
Harvests of his proper toil:
Times to give, and to receive
Seeds and fruits from fertile soil:
But at length
Doth his strength,
Youth, and beauty, all recoil.

Cold December hope retains,
That the spring, each thing reviving,
Shall throughout his aged veins
Pour fresh youth, past joys *repriving:*
But thy scythe
Ends his strife,
And to Lethe sends him driving.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

[*From Alison's "Hour's Recreation in Musick,"* 1606.]

* * * * *

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope, a lover lives full long;
In hope, a merchant sails full far,
In hope, just men do suffer wrong:
In hope, the ploughman sows his seed:
Thus hope helps thousands at their need:
Then faint not, heart, among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

Though wit bids will to blow retreat,
Will cannot work as wit could wish.
When that the roach doth taste the bait,
Too late to warn the hungry fish.
When cities burn on fiery flame,
Great rivers scarce may quench the same:
If will and fancy be agreed,
Too late for wit to bid take heed.

* * * * *

[*From Wilbye's "Second set of Madrigales,"* 1609.]

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart;
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever;
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why,
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever.

[*From the same.*]

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares
That do arise from painful melancholy;
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,
That unto thee I consecrate it wholly.

Sweet night, draw on! my griefs, when they be told
To shades and darkness, find some ease from paining;
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

[*From the same.*]

So light is love, in matchless beauty shining,
When she revisits Cyprus' hallow'd bowers,
Two feeble doves, harness'd in silken twining,
Can draw her chariot 'midst the Paphian flowers.
Lightness to love how ill it fitteth,
So heavy on my heart she sitteth.

[*From the same.*]

Happy, oh happy he, who not affecting
The endless toils attending worldly cares,
With mind repos'd, all discontents rejecting,
In silent peace his way to heaven prepares!
Deeming his life a scene, the world a stage
Whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

Hymen's Eclogue between Admetus and Menalchas.

[From "A new Spring, shadowed in sundry pithie Poems," printed by G. Eld, for Thomas Baillie, 1619. 4to. By Musophilus.]

Menalchas.

WHAT makes Admetus sad?—Whate'er it be,
Some cause there is that thus hath alter'd thee!
Is it the loss of substance? or of friends?
Or, thy content in discontentment ends?
Is it some scruple in thy conscience,
Which, unresolved, doth leave thee in suspence?
Is it, that thou thy long wish'd love shouldst leese?

Admet. No, no Menalchas, it is none of these!

Men. Thou art not sick?

Admet. Nor sick, nor greatly well.

Men. Where lies thy grief?

Admet. My countenance can tell!

Men. Smooth is thy brow! thy count'nance fresh enough!

Admet. But cares have made my wreakful mind as rough.

Men. Of cares, Admetus?

Admet. Yes! I have my share!

Men. Yet, hope of cure!

Admet. No hope of cure to care!

Men. Nay, then I see, 'tis love that thee doth wring.

Admet. Thou err'st Menalchas, there is no such thing.

Men. If neither loss of friends, nor loss of wealth,
Want to enjoy thy love, nor want of health,
If neither discontent, nor grief, do show
Care in thy face, nor sorrow in thy brow,
If thou be free, as we all know thee free,
Engaged to none,—what is it grieveth thee?

Admet. Wouldst know Menalchas?

Men. Yes!

Admet. I'll tell thee then:
The case is alter'd!—*I'm a married man!*

THE SHRIFT.

[From the same.]

[This is inserted on account of the singularity of its versification.]

A TIME there was, and divers there be yet
Whose riper years can well remember it,
When folks were shriven for sins they did commit,
And had their absolution, as was fit:
'Mongst which, as one crime doth another get,
Where hope of pardon doth authorize it,

(For virtues, turtle-like, do single sit,
But, troops of vices still in squadrons meet,)

A boon companion, to his liquor given,
Came thither, with his neighbours, to be shriven.
" Stephen" (quoth friar), for's Christian name was
Stephen,
" What sins hast done to grieve the Lord of heaven?
" Speak freely, man! and it is ten to seven
" But by due penance I will make all even.
" Confession is the way, when man is driven
" Into despair, that guides him into heaven."

" I have been drunk last day, and this day too,
" And may be next day too for aught I know;
" Tell me then, holy friar, directly, how
" Or in what sort I may my penance do?"
" Drunk?" (quoth the friar) " now by the faith I owe,
" I know not what it means! nor, as I trow,
" Under confession had I it e'er till now!
" Yet come next day, thou'lt hear what thou
" shalt do."

Meanwhile, the friar would not neglect his time
To know the secret of this drunken crime,
Therefore betime, ere four o'clock did chime
This profane practice grew to be divine;

For *upsefreese*[1] he drank from four to nine,
So as each sense was steeped well in wine;
Yet still he kept his rouse, till he in fine
Grew extreme sick with hugging Bacchus' shrine.

Upward and downward it did work so sore,
As if his vital spirits could work no more,
Or, that he were arriving at the shore
Where mortals must arrive: but, rid of store
That did oppress his stomach o'er and o'er,
At last he got a nap upon the floor;
Which having tempered his brains, he swore
To try conclusions with the pot no more.

Stephen kept his *steaven*,[2] and, to the time he gave,
Came to demand what penance he should have?
" What penance?" (quoth the friar) " I'll tell thee
" knave;
" I think it fit this penance to receive.
" Go and be drunk again! for if it have
" Th' effect with thee it had with me, I'd crave
" No sharper penance for the sinfull'st slave:
" For soon it would possess me of my grave!"

* * * * *

[1] Quære, Upsefreese? [2] Appointment. Sax.

STANZAS.

[Extracted out of "Alcilia. Philoparthen's loving Folly," &c. By J. C. (quære if J. Cook?) London, *second impression*, 4to. 1628.]

* * * * *

WHAT thing is beauty, nature's dearest minion?
The snare of youth; like the inconstant moon,
Waxing and waning: error of opinion;
A morning's flower that withereth ere noon;
A swelling fruit, no sooner ripe than rotten;
Which sickness makes forlorn, and time forgotten.

* * * * *

In looking back unto my follies past,
While I the present with times past compare,
And think how many hours I then did waste,
Painting on clouds, and building in the air,
I sigh within myself, and say in sadness,
"This thing, which fools call love, is nought but
"madness."

* * * * *

How vain is youth, that, cross'd in his desire,
Doth fret and fume, and inwardly repine,
As though 'gainst heav'n itself he would conspire,
And with his frailty 'gainst his fate combine:

Who of itself continues constant still,
And doth us good oft-times against our will.

* * * * *

Thy large smooth forehead wrinkled shall appear;
Vermilion hue to pale and wan shall turn;
Time shall deface what youth hath held most dear;
Yea, those clear eyes, which once my heart did burn,
Shall in their hollow circles lodge the night,
And yield more cause of terror than delight.

Lo, here the record of my follies past,
The fruits of wit unstaid, and hours mis-spent!
Full wise is he that perils can forecast,
And so, by others' harms, his own prevent.
All worldly pleasure that delights the sense,
Is but a short sleep, and time's vain expence.

Charles I.

CHARLES I.

It is difficult to peruse the annals of this turbulent and calamitous reign, without feeling some astonishment at the contrast which is exhibited between their literary and their political character. It is true that the preceding reign, however inglorious to the monarch, and disgraceful to the military reputation of the country, had been highly favourable to the growth of our national wealth and prosperity, to the increase of comforts, and even of luxury, as well as to the diffusion of knowledge.

The minds of men, continually irritated by the pretensions, and emboldened by the weakness of the Crown, had been habituated to discuss the most important interests of society; and in the progress of the dispute under Charles I. every passion was awakened, and an enthusiastic love of liberty was opposed to a spirit of loyalty almost equally enthusiastic. Such a period, therefore, might reasonably be expected to be propitious to the growth of genius; and we are not surprised that the scholastic pedantry of the former age should have given place to a more rational and manly style,

equally adapted to the sublime conceptions of Milton, to the various and sparkling imagination of Cowley, and to the wit and sagacity of Butler.

But it is very remarkable, that the general characteristics of the poetry composed during this period, are such as indicate a very high degree of refinement: a curious and elaborate selection of words and images, a nice arrangement of versification, and a tone of gallantry so easy and playful, that we should suspect the writers of having formed their compositions amidst the peaceful splendour and luxury of Versailles, rather than at the court or in the camp of a prince, who passed from the throne to the scaffold through a continued series of anxiety and struggle.

In fact, Charles I. though generally in embarrassed, and often in necessitous, circumstances, was always the active and liberal patron of literature, as well as of the fine arts, all of which he loved, and perfectly understood. "During the "prosperous state of the king's affairs (says lord "Orford, Hist. Paint. Vol. II. p. 147.) the plea-"sures of the court were carried on with much "taste and magnificence. Poetry, painting, mu-"sic, and architecture, were all called in to make "them rational amusements; and I have no doubt "but the celebrated festivals of Louis XIV. *were*

" *copied from the shows exhibited at Whitehall, in* " *its time* THE MOST POLITE COURT IN EUROPE. " Ben Jonson was the laureat; Inigo Jones, the " inventor of the decorations; Laniere and Fera- " bosco composed the symphonies; the king, the " queen, and the young nobility, danced in the " interludes." Taste, and wit, and gaiety, disappeared during the subsequent reign of republicanism; and the general gloom was seldom interrupted, except by the compositions of a few cavaliers, who amused themselves by harassing with ridicule, the dull and insipid manners of their puritanical enemies.

The reader will find in bishop Percy's " Reliques " of Ancient English Poetry," (Vol. II. p. 338, 4th edit.) some verses by Charles I. which lord Orford has, rather too hastily, condemned as *most uncouth and inharmonious*, at the same time that he has recognized in them *some good sense, and a strain of majestic piety*.

CAREW.

Mr. Headley, in his Biographical Sketches, p. 39, has very justly observed, that "Carew has the ease, without the "pedantry of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He re- "minds us of the best manner of lord Lyttelton. Waller "is too exclusively considered as the first man who brought "versification to any thing like its present standard. "Carew's pretensions to the same merit are seldom suffi- "ciently either considered or allowed." Lord Clarendon, however, has remarked of his poems, that, "for the sharp- "ness of the fancy, and for the elegance of the language "in which that fancy was spread, they were at least equal, "if not superior, to any of that time. But his glory was "that, after *fifty years* of his life spent with less severity "and exactness than they ought to have been, he died with "the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest "manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could "desire."

Carew is generally supposed to have died young in 1639, and I have therefore placed his birth about 1600, though, from the preceding passage from Clarendon, it seems probable that his birth ought to be placed earlier, or his death later. The earliest edition of his works which I have seen, was printed in 1642, which, however, is called in the title the second edition.

SWEETLY breathing vernal air,
That, with kind warmth, dost repair
Winter's ruins; from whose breast
All the gums and spice of th' east
Borrow their perfumes; whose eye
Gilds the morn, and clears the sky;
Whose dishevel'd tresses shed
Pearls upon the violet-bed:
On whose brow, with calm smiles drest,
The halcyon sits, and builds her nest;
Beauty, youth, and endless spring,
Dwell upon thy rosy wing.

Thou, if stormy Boreas throws
Down whole forests when he blows,
With a pregnant flowery birth
Canst refresh the teeming earth:
If he nip the early bud,
If he blast what's fair or good,
If he scatter our choice flowers,
If he shake our halls or bowers,
If his rude breath threaten us,
Thou canst stroke great Æolus,
And from him the grace obtain
To bind him in an iron chain.

PERSUASIONS TO LOVE.

THINK not, 'cause men flattering say,
Y' are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so; or though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem:
For, being so, you lose the pleasure
Of being fair, since that rich treasure
Of rare beauty and sweet feature,
Was bestow'd on you by nature
To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
There to be scarce, where she hath been
So prodigal of her best graces:
Thus common beauties, and mean faces,
Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
The sport you lose by being coy.
Did the thing for which I sue
Only concern myself, not you;
Were men so fram'd as they alone
Reap'd all the pleasure, women none;
Then had you reason to be scant;
But, 'twere a madness not to grant
That which affords (if you consent)
To you, the giver, more content,

Than me, the beggar. Oh then be
Kind to yourself, if not to me!
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake!
For that lovely face will fail:
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain, or winter's sun;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave; and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)

Remain still firm. Be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter: like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day;
For, when the storms of time have mov'd
Waves on that cheek which was belov'd;
When a fair lady's face is pin'd,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never!
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh, love me then! and now begin it;
Let us not lose this present minute;
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves;
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.

Oh then be wise! and, whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason!
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither!

SONG.

Persuasions to enjoy.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet, and every grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face;
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade;
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.
Thus either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

GOOD COUNSEL TO A YOUNG MAID.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
  Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how, at first with bended knee,
  He courts the chrystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
  In her cool waves; when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd,
  Then mark how with disdainful feet
He kicks her banks, and from the place,
That thus refresh'd him, moves with sullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,
  When by the sated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
  Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted:
When all thy virgin springs grow dry,
When no streams shall be left, but in thine eye.

DISDAIN RETURNED.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

* * * * *

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me why I send you here
This firstling of the infant year;
Ask me why I send to you
This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;
I straight will whisper in your ears,
The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flower doth shew
So yellow, green, and sickly too;
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break;
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE INQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walk'd,
Love and my sighs thus intertalk'd:
" Tell me, said I, in deep distress,
" Where may I find my shepherdess?"

" Thou fool," said love, " know'st thou not this,
" In every thing that's good she is?
" In yonder tulip go and seek,
" There thou may'st find her lip, her cheek:

" In yon enamell'd pansy by,
" There thou shalt have her curious eye;
" In bloom of peach, in rosy bud,
" There wave the streamers of her blood."

* * * * *

" 'Tis true," said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union:
But, on a sudden, all was gone.

With that I stopt: said love, " These be,
" Fond man, resemblances of thee;
" And, as these flowers, thy joys shall die,
" Ev'n in the twinkling of an eye:

" And all thy hopes of her shall wither
" Like those short sweets thus knit together."

SONG.

Good Counsel to a Young Maid.

GAZE not on thy beauty's pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from thy lover's eyes doth glide.

Let thy faithful chrystal show
How thy colours come and go:
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that in those smooth streams lies,
Under pity's fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets, of passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then, beware! for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

Mark how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold
With sighing blasts, and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But, when the planet of the day
Approacheth with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy!
If thy tears and sighs discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.

But, when with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

KNOW, Celia (since thou art so proud)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies:
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Lest what I made I uncreate,
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.

Wise poets, that wrapp'd truth in tales,
Knew her themselves through all her veils.

SONG.

To one, who, when I praised my Mistress' beauty, said I was blind.

WONDER not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind,
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind, like me!
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those amorous sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart;
Then, you'll confess your mortal sight
Too weak for such a glorious light.
For if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover:
But, if those beauties you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SONG.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For, in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For, in pure love, heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more, whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there
Fixed become as in their sphere.

Ask me no more, if east or west
The phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragant bosom dies.

DIALOGUE.

[From a MS. in the possession of Mr. Malone.]

Tell me, Utrechia, since my fate,
And thy more powerful form, decrees
My heart an immolation at thy shrine,
Where I am only to incline—
How I must love, and at what rate;
By what despairs, and what degrees,
I may my hopes enlarge, or my desires confine?

" First, when thy flames begin,
" See they burn all within;
" And so, as lookers-on may not descry
" Smoke in a sigh, or sparkles in an eye.
" I would have had my love a good while there,
" Ere thine own heart had been aware:
" And I myself would chuse to know it,
" First, by thy care and cunning not to show it."

When my love is, your own way, thus betray'd,
Must it still be afraid?
May it not be sharp-sighted then, as well,
And see, you know, that which it durst not tell.

And, from that knowledge, hope it may
Tell itself a louder way?

" Let it alone awhile:
" And so, thou may'st beguile
" My heart, perhaps, to a consent
" Long ere it meant.
" For whilst I dare not disapprove,
" Lest I betray a knowledge of thy love,
" I shall be so accustom'd to allow,
" That I shall scarce know how
" To be displeas'd, when thou shalt it avow."

When, by love's powerful sympathy,
Our souls are got thus nigh,
And that, by one another seen,
They need no breath to go between,
Though, in the main agreement of our breasts,
Only our hearts subscribe as interests;
Yet, it shall need
Our tongues sign too, as witness to the deed.

" Speak then: but when you whisper out the tale
" Of what you ail,
" Let it be so disorder'd, that I may
" Guess, only thence, what you would say.

" Then, to be able to speak sense,
" Were an offence:
" And, 'twill thy passion tell the subtlest way,
" Not to know what to say."

WILLIAM STRODE,

Was born about 1600, and died in 1644. He became D. D. and canon of Christ Church, having served the offices of proctor and public orator to the University, and had the reputation of being a good preacher, an exquisite orator, and an eminent poet.

The following specimens are extracted from a miscellany called "Wit restored," 1658, duodecimo.

ANSWER TO "THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY."

[Vide p. 48 of this volume.]

RETURN, my joys! and hither bring
A tongue not made to speak, but sing;
A jolly spleen, an inward feast,
A causeless laugh without a jest;
A face which gladness doth anoint,
An arm, for joy, flung out of joint;
A spriteful gait that leaves no print,
And makes a feather of a flint;
A heart that's lighter than the air,
An eye still dancing in its sphere;

Strong mirth which nothing shall controul,
A body nimbler than a soul;
Free wandering thoughts, not tied to muse,
Which, thinking all things, nothing chuse,
Which, ere we see them come, are gone;
These life itself doth feed upon.

Then take no care, but only to be jolly,
To be more wretched than we must, is folly.

[The following has been attributed to Strode, but I know not on what authority.]

ON MUSIC.

When whispering strains do softly steal
With creeping passion through the heart,
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat, and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake;
Philosophy
Can scarce deny,
The soul consists of harmony.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet!
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit are thy feet!
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

ROBERT GOMERSALL,

Was born in 1600, and sent to Christ Church, Oxford, 1614, where he was afterwards made a student. Having taken orders, he became a celebrated preacher, and published several sermons. (Vide Wood's Ath. Vol. I. p. 598.) He wrote "the Levite's Revenge, containing Poetical Meditations upon the 19th and 20th chapters of Judges" (a sort of heroic poem), 1628: the "Tragedy of Sforza," and a few poems, 1633.

SONG.

[From Sforza.]

How I laugh at their fond wish
Whose desire
Aims no higher
Than the baits of Midas' dish!

What is gold but yellow dirt?
Which th' unkind
Heavens refin'd
When they made us love our hurt.

Would to heaven that I might steep
My faint eyes
In the wise,
In the gentle dew of sleep!

Whose effects do pose us so,
That we deem
It does seem
Both death's brother and his foe.

This does always with us keep;
And, being dead,
That's not fled:
Death is but a longer sleep.

[*Abridged from* 60 *lines.*]

How we dally out our days!
How we seek a thousand ways
To find death, the which if none
We sought out, would shew us one.

* * * * *

Never was there morning yet
(Sweet as is the violet)

Which man's folly did not soon
Wish to be expir'd in noon:
As though such an haste did tend
To our bliss and not our end.

Nay, the young ones in the nest
Suck this folly from the breast:
And no stammering ape but can
Spoil a prayer to be a man.

But suppose that he is heard,
By the sprouting of his beard,
And he hath what he doth seek,
The soft cloathing of the cheek?
Would he yet stay here—or be
Fix'd in this maturity?

Sooner shall the wandering star
Learn what rest and quiet are:
Sooner shall the slippery rill
Leave his motion and stand still.

Be it joy, or be it sorrow,
We refer all to the morrow;
That, we think, will ease our pain;
That, we do suppose again

Will increase our joy: and so
Events, the which we cannot know,
We magnify, and are (in sum)
Enamour'd of the time to come.

Well, the next day comes, and then
Another next, and so to ten,
To twenty we arrive, and find
No more before us than behind
Of solid joy; and yet haste on
To our consummation:

* * * * *

And, at last, of life bereav'd,
Die unhappy and deceiv'd.

SIR KENELM DIGBY.

This celebrated English philosopher, whose life is to be found in all our Biographical Dictionaries, was born in 1603, and died in 1665. His works are carefully enumerated by Wood, (Ath. Vol. II. p. 351) who calls him the "*magazine of all arts.*" The poem from which the following lines are extracted, is attributed to him in a miscellany called "Wit's Interpreter," 1671.

FAME, honour, beauty, state, trains, blood and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.
I would be great; but that the sun doth still
Level his rays against the rising hill.
I would be high; but see the proudest oak
Most subject to the rending thunder-stroke.
I would be rich; but see men, too unkind,
Dig out the bowels of the richest mine.
I would be wise; but that the fox I see
Suspected guilty, while the ass goes free.
I would be fair; but see that champion proud,
The bright sun, often setting in a cloud.

I would be poor; but see the humble grass
Trampled upon by each unworthy ass.
Rich, hated; wise, suspected; scorn'd, if poor;
Great, fear'd; fair, tempted; high, still envied more.

JASPER MAYNE,

Was born in 1604, entered a servitor at Christ Church 1623, afterwards chosen student; and made D. D. 1646, as a reward (says Wood, Ath. Vol. II. p. 507) for having preached before the king and his parliament at Oxford, early in the Rebellion. He was much admired on account of his learning, his wit, and his loyalty; in consequence of which he was promoted, after the Restoration, to a canonry of Christ Church, and to the archdeaconry of Chichester. He died in 1672. In his youth he composed two plays, viz. "The City-match" (1639), and the "Amorous War" (1648). From the latter the following specimen is extracted.

SONG.

Time is a feather'd thing;
And, whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing;
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old,

And every sand of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire;
Flames turn to frost,
  And ere we can
  Know how our crow turns swan,
  Or how a silver snow
  Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

* * * * *

SIR WILLIAM D'AVENANT,

Was born in 1605, and terminated a life of the most astonishing activity in 1668, in the 64th year of his age. For the history of this ingenious and singular man, who "was by "turns a soldier, a projector, a manager, an envoy, and a "wit;" whose careless intrepidity no dangers could disturb; who began an epic poem in exile, interrupted it for the purpose of settling a colony in Virginia, and then calmly continued it in prison, and under condemnation; and who, while still under proscription by the fanatics, undertook the conduct of a theatre in the centre of fanaticism, the reader is referred to Mr. Headley's Biographical Sketches; and Dr. Anderson's account, prefixed to a selection from his works, in "the Poets of Great Britain." His life is also written very much at large in the Biographia Dramatica, where it is followed by a list of his dramatic pieces, 25 in number, which were published between 1629 and 1674. His works, consisting of "Gondibert," "Mada-"gascar," several small poems, and 16 plays, were printed in 1673, in a large volume folio.

THE DREAM.

[Abridged from 26 stanzas.]

No victor, when in battle spent,
When he at night asleep doth lie
Rich in a conquer'd monarch's tent,
E'er had so vain a dream as I.

Methought I saw the earliest shade,
And sweetest that the spring can spread,
Of jasmin, briar, and woodbine made;
And there I saw Clorinda dead.

Though dead she lay, yet could I see
No cypress, nor no mourning yew,
Nor yet the injured lover's tree;
No willow near her coffin grew:

But all show'd unconcern'd to be,
As if just nature there did strive
To seem as pitiless as she
Was to her lover when alive.

And now, methought I lost all care
In losing her; and was as free
As birds let loose into the air,
Or rivers that are got to sea.

Yet soon, now from my princess free,
I rather frantic grew than glad;
For subjects, getting liberty,
Get but a licence to be mad.

* * * * *

Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
If they get out, a while will roam;

But straight want skill to live abroad,
Then pine, and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run,
From being pent in banks of flowers;
Not knowing that th' exhaling sun
Will send them back in weeping showers.

Soon thus, for pride of liberty,
I low desires of bondage found;
And vanity of being free
Bred the discretion to be bound.

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchal reign;
Finding their freedom in a state
Is but proud strutting in a chain:

Then, growing wiser, when undone,
In winter's nights sad stories sing,
In praise of monarchs long since gone,
To whom their bells they yearly ring.

So now I mourn'd that she was dead
Whose single power did govern me;
And quickly was by reason led
To find the harm of liberty.

* * * * *

My soul, in sleep's soft fetters bound,
Did now for vital freedom strive;
And straight, by horror wak'd, I found
The fair Clorinda still alive.

Yet she's to me but such a light
As are the stars to those who know
We can at most but guess their height,
And hope they mind us here below.

THE MISTRESS.

When nature heard men thought her old,
Her skill in beauteous forms decay'd,
Her eyes grown dim, and fingers cold;
Then to her poet thus she said:

"Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
"Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk;
"From early meadows scent and show,
"And from the Persian worm her silk.

"Fetch from the east the morning's breath,
"And from the phœnix gums and spice,

" Such as she culls, when at her death
" The world does smell her sacrifice."

Nature of these a *mistress* made;
But would have form'd a *lover* too;
And such as might this nymph persuade
To all that love for love should do.

This second work she well began,
With leisure, and by slow degrees;
But found it hard to make a man,
That could so choice a beauty please.

She wrought, and wrought, and then gave o'er:
Then did another model try;
But, less contented than before,
She laid the work for ever by.

I ask'd the cause; and straight she said,
" 'Tis very possible, I find,
" To match the body which I made;
" But I can never fit her mind.

" For that still various seems and strange;
" And since all lovers various be,
" And apt as mistresses to change,
" I cannot make my work agree.

" Now sexes meet not by design,
" When they the world's chief work advance,
" But in the dark they sometimes join,
" As wandering atoms meet by chance."

* * * * *

EDMOND WALLER,

Born 1605, and died 1687.

Chloris, farewell! I now must go:
For, if with thee I longer stay,
Thy eyes prevail upon me so,
I shall prove blind, and lose my way.

Fame of thy beauty, and thy youth,
Among the rest me hither brought:
Finding this fame fall short of truth
Made me stay longer than I thought.

For I'm engag'd by word, and oath,
A servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, I'd forfeit both,
Could I be sure to keep it still.

But what assurance can I take,
When thou, fore-knowing this abuse,
For some more worthy lover's sake,
May'st leave me with so just excuse?

For thou may'st say, 'twas not thy fault,
That thou didst thus inconstant prove,
Being by my example taught
To break thy oath, to mend thy love.

No, Chloris, no! I will return,
And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn,
And she distrust me reprobate.

Then shall my love this doubt displace,
And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face,
But make my constant meals at home.

OF SYLVIA.

Our sighs are heard; just heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares.
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia, the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name;
Lest she, provoking heaven, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With sullen clouds, should be defac'd.

OF LOVE.

Anger in hasty words or blows
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief.
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppress'd,
Not kneeling did salute the beast,
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress'd
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
Whilst her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were:
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty love: that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs; resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

SONG.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, hadst thou sprung
In desarts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

TO PHILLIS.

Phillis, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,

Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love has wings, and will away.
Love has swifter wings than time,
Change in love to heaven does climb:
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two;
Let not you and I require
What has been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the planets too
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Celia, for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy;
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love!

Fool that I was! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise!
Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove!
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill,

Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance!

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books.
But never were the clouds reduc'd
To any art: the motion us'd
By those free vapours is so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd sight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And, therefore, of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care;
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape:
She, with her own resemblance grac'd
A shining cloud, which he embrac'd.

Such was that image, so it smil'd
With seeming kindness, which beguil'd
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Celia caught;
'Twas shap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success.
For in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree.
A second with a lover's haste
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wandering stream.
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of th' air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new.
The amorous, now, like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind.

But, Celia, if you apprehend
The muse of your incensed friend,

Nor would that he record your blame,
And make it live;—repeat the same.
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain:
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasure lovers know;
Who, like good falconers, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

Sees not my love how time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours:
Time what we forbear devours.

Had Helen, or th' Egyptian queen,
Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless shower,

Upon the autumn or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flower;
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

Poets may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain:
Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last in a daily-changing tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And, as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art:

Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek:
We write in sand; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
The glory of his numbers lost!
Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
Hoping they should immortal prove,
Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
And all an English pen can hope,
To make the fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading beauty; if it prove
But as long-liv'd as present love.

SONG.

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feel my life decay:
That powerful noise
Calls my flitting soul away.
Oh! suppress that magic sound,
Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris, peace! or singing die,
That together you and I
To heaven may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

WILLIAM HABINGTON,

Was born in 1605, of a Roman Catholic family, and educated at Paris and St. Omers. His literary accomplishments, and particularly his historical knowledge, recommended him to the favour of Charles I. at whose command he composed his "Observations on History," in one volume, 8vo. and a "History of Edward IV." in which, Wood says, his father, Thomas Habington, had a considerable hand. He also wrote a tragi-comedy called "The Queen of "Arragon," 1640; and a small volume of poems under the title of "Castara." He died in 1654.

SONG.

FINE young folly, though you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could touch my heart;
For we courtiers learn at school,
Only with your sex to fool—
You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye:

Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to shew my wit.

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud,
For in sooth, I much do doubt
'Tis the powder on your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

Yet though truth has this confess'd,
And I vow, I love in jest,
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am,
Bedlam! this is pretty sport.

SONG.

Not the phœnix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
But, O! marriage, makes the spell,
And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin beauties of the skies,
(When the half-sunk sailors haste
To rend sail and cut their mast)
Shine not welcome as her eyes;
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

Then for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Moscovite,
I must from my life retire.
But, oh no, for if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze and die.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

[Abridged from 7 stanzas.]

LIKE the violet, which alone
  Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
  To no looser eye betray'd;
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
  Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
  For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood:—
She is noblest, being good.

* * * * *

She her throne makes reason climb,
  While wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
  Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

OF TRUE DELIGHT.

Why doth the ear so tempt the voice
That cunningly divides the air?
Why doth the palate buy the choice
Delights o' th' sea t' enrich her fare?

As soon as I my ear obey,
The echo's lost ev'n with the breath;
And when the sewer takes away,
I'm left with no more taste than death.

Be curious in pursuit of eyes,
To procreate new loves with thine;—
Satiety makes sense despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quick fancy how it mocks delight!
As we conceive things are not such:
The glow-worm is as warm as bright,
Till the deceitful flame we touch.

* * * * *

The rose yields her sweet blandishment,
Lost in the folds of lovers' wreaths:

The violet enchants the scent,
When early in the spring she breathes.

But winter comes, and makes each flower
Shrink from the pillow where it grows;
Or an intruding cold hath power
To scorn the perfume of the rose.

Our senses, like false glasses, show
Smooth beauty where brows wrinkled are,
And make the cozen'd fancy glow:
Chaste virtue's only true and fair.

TO CASTARA.

Give me a heart, where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage,
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence engage;
Nor woo'd to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetoric of cloaths,
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth decline:
Give me that heart, Castara—for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new look
  Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
  Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an amorous eye or ear,
  Aiming each beauteous mark to hit;
Which virtue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara—for 'tis mine.

* * * * *

THOMAS RANDOLPH,

Was born in 1605, and died in the 29th year of his age, in 1634, after having acquired a great reputation for poetical talent. Five of his plays were collected, after his death, by his brother, and published in one volume together with his poems.

ODE TO MR. ANTHONY STAFFORD,

to hasten him into the country.

Come, spur away,
I have no patience for a longer stay,
But must go down
And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
I will the country see,
Where old simplicity,
Tho' hid in grey,
Doth look more gay
Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
Farewell you city wits, that are
Almost at civil war;
'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world grows mad.

More of my days
I will not spend to gain an ideot's praise:
Or to make sport
For some slight puny of the inns of court.
Then, worthy Stafford, say,
How shall we spend the day,
With what delights
Shorten the nights,
When from this tumult we are got secure?
Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
Yet shall no finger lose,
Where every word is thought, and every thought
is pure.

There, from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome country-girls make hay;
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can shew;
Where I had rather gain a kiss, than meet
(Though some of them in greater state,
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheap, and wives of Lombard-
street.

But think upon
Some other pleasures, these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My muse is she
My love shall be.
Let clowns get wealth and heirs!—When I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.

Of this no more—
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store:
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;
How Philomel
Her tale doth tell,
And how the other birds do fill the quire;
The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
Warbling melodious notes,
We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.

Ours is the sky,
Where at what fowl we please our hawk shall fly.
Nor will we spare
To hunt the crafty fox, or timorous hare;
But let our hounds run loose
In any ground they'll choose:
The buck shall fall,
The stag and all:
Our pleasures must from their own warrants be.
For to my Muse, if not to me,
I'm sure all game is free;
Heav'n, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.

And when we mean
To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
And drink by stealth
A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
I'll take my pipe and try
The Phrygian melody,
Which he that hears
Lets through his ears
A madness to distemper all the brain.
Then I another pipe will take,
And Doric music make,
To civilize with greater notes our wits again.

EPITHALAMIUM.

Muse! be a bridemaid: dost not hear
How honour'd *Hunt*, and his fair *Deer*,
This day prepare their wedding cheer?

The swiftest of thy pinions take,
And hence a sudden journey make
To help 'em break their bridal cake.

Haste 'em to church: tell 'em, love says,
Religion breeds but fond delays
To lengthen out the tedious days.

Chide the slow priest, that so goes on
As if he fear'd he should have done
His sermon ere the glass be run:

Bid him post o'er his words as fast
As if himself were now to taste
The pleasure of so fair a waist.

Now lead the blessed couple home,
And serve a dinner up for some;
Their banquet it as yet to come.

Maids! dance as nimbly as your blood,
Which I see swell a purple flood,
In emulation of that good

The bride possesseth: for I deem
What she enjoys will be the theme,
This night, of every virgin's dream.

But envy not their blest content,
The hasty night is almost spent,
And they of Cupid will be shent.

The sun is now ready to ride;
Sure, 'twas the morning I espied,
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See how the lusty bridegroom's veins
Swell, 'till the active torrent strains
To break those o'erstretch'd azure chains!

And the fair bride, ready to cry
To see her pleasant loss so nigh,
Pants like the sealed pigeon's eye!

Put out the torch. Love loves no lights:
Those that perform his mystic rites
Must pay their orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done
By any priest or nun alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now, you that taste of Hymen's cheer,
See that your lips do meet so near
That cockles might be tutor'd there.

And let the whisperings of your love
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were lectures to the dove.

And in such strict embraces twine,
As if you read unto the vine,
The ivy, and the columbine.

* * * * *

Thence may there spring many a pair
Of sons and daughters strong and fair.—
How soon the gods have heard my pray'r!

Methinks already I espy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drowsy nurses lullaby.

SIR ASTON COKAIN

Published "Choice Poems of several sorts, with three new "Plays," 1667, duodecimo; (Vide Gentleman's Magazine for 1797) a volume of more than 600 pages, which may perhaps be consulted with advantage by those who search after anecdotes of contemporary characters, or pictures of their manners. The following appeared the most advantageous specimen of his poetry.

He was born at Ashbourn in the Peak of Derbyshire, 1608; educated at both the Universities, especially Cambridge; and having continued for some time at the Inns of Court *for fashion's sake*, (says Wood) travelled with Sir. K. Digby; and married on his return. He lived a studious life in the country, and, having suffered in the king's cause, died at Derby, 1683.

TO PLAUTIA.

Away, fond thing! tempt me no more!
I'll not be won with all thy store!
I can behold thy golden hair,
And for the owner nothing care:
Thy starry eyes can look upon,
And be mine own when I have done:

Thy cherry ruby lips can kiss,
And for fruition never wish:
Can view the garden of thy cheeks,
And slight the roses there as leeks:
Can hear thee sing with all thine art,
Without enthralling of mine heart:
My liberty thou canst not wrong
With all the magick of thy tongue:
Thy warm snow-breasts and I can see,
And neither sigh nor wish for thee:
Behold thy feet, which we do bless
For bearing so much happiness,
Yet they at all should not destroy
My strong preserved liberty:
Could see thee naked, as at first
Our parents were, when both uncurs'd,
And with my busy searching eyes
View strictly thy hid rarities;
Yet after such a free survey,
From thee, no lover, go away.
For thou art false, and wilt be so:
I else no other fair would woo.
Away therefore, tempt me no more;
I'll not be won with all thy store.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW,

Was born in 1607; was employed in several offices of trust by Charles I. and Charles II. and died ambassador at Madrid in June, 1666. His writings consist principally of translations, viz. The Pastor Fido of Guarini; a play from the Spanish; and a Latin metrical translation of Fletcher's "Faithful Shepherdess," under the Italian title of "La "Fida Pastora."

The following extract is taken from his poems, published with "Il Pastor Fido," 1648 and 1676. The four first lines are part of another sonnet.

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou 'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
And many Herods lie in wait each hour,
To murder thee as soon as thou art born,

Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

JOHN MILTON.

As the minor poems of Milton are too popular to require reprinting; the few following lines are only inserted here, for the purpose of exhibiting one short specimen of this great master.

SONG ON MAY MORNING.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

RICHARD CRASHAW,

Author of "Steps to the Temple, with other Delights of the "Muses," 1646, seems to have resembled Herbert in his turn of mind, but possessed more fancy and genius. His translations have considerable merit, but his original poetry is full of conceit. The time of his birth is unknown. He was for some time a scholar of Pembroke, and a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge; and afterwards changing his religion, died a canon of Loretto, 1650.

His Latin poems were first printed in 1634, and have been much admired, though liable to the same objections as his English. For more particular information respecting Crashaw and his works, consult Headley, Dr. Anderson, and Mr. Hayley's account in the New Biog. Brit.

OUT OF CATULLUS.

Come and let us live, my dear,
Let us love, and never fear
What the sourest fathers say.
Brightest Sol, that dies to-day,
Lives again as blithe to-morrow:
But if we, dark sons of sorrow,

Set; O then, how long a night
Shuts the eyes of our short light!
Then let amorous kisses dwell
On our lips; begin, and tell
A thousand, and a hundred score,
An hundred, and a thousand more;
'Till another thousand smother
That, and that wipe off another.
Thus, at last, when we have number'd
Many a thousand, many a hundred,
We'll confound the reckoning quite,
And lose ourselves in wild delight:
While our joys so multiply
As shall mock the envious eye.

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

Love, brave virtue's younger brother,
Erst had made my heart a mother.
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years:
She asks if sad or saving powers
Gave omen to his infant hours:

She asks each star that then stood by
If poor love shall live or die.

Ah my heart! is that the way?
Are these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face, in whose each look
Beauty lays ope love's fortune-book:
On whose fair revolutions wait
Th' obsequious motions of love's fate.
Ah, my heart! her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology!
Howe'er love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met,
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays, putting on
Points of death, bid love begone,
(Though the heav'ns in council sate
To crown an uncontrolled fate;
Though their best aspects, twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood;)

Love has no plea against her eye:
Beauty frowns, and love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble love;
(Though heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on love's nativity;
Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fix'd his forehead to a frown;)
Her eye a strong appeal can give:
Beauty smiles; and love shall live.

* * * * *

Epitaph upon Husband and Wife, who died and were buried together.

To these, whom death again did wed,
This grave's the second marriage-bed.
For, though the hand of fate could force
'Twixt soul and body a divorce,
It could not sever man and wife,
Because they both liv'd but one life.
Peace, good reader, do not weep;
Peace, the lovers are asleep.

They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot that love could tie.
[And though they lie as they were dead,
Their pillow stone, their sheets of lead;
Pillow hard, and sheets not warm,
Love made the bed, they'll take no harm.]
Let them sleep, let them sleep on,
'Till this stormy night be gone,
And the eternal morrow dawn;
Then the curtains will be drawn,
And they wake into a light
Whose day shall never die in night.

The lines inclosed in brackets are in no printed edition; they were found in a MS. copy, and are perhaps not Crashaw's.

SIDNEY GODOLPHIN,

Younger brother of the treasurer Godolphin. His character is very minutely drawn by lord Clarendon, in his account of his own life, and in the History of the Rebellion. He was born in 1610, and killed at the attack of Chagford in Devonshire, Jan. 1642-3. His translation of the third book of the Æneid is printed in Dryden's Miscellanies, Vol. IV. p. 134. The following specimen was copied from a MS. in the possession of Mr. Malone, containing several small poems by Godolphin, Waller, Carew, and others.

SONG.

Or love me less, or love me more;
And play not with my liberty:
Either take all, or all restore;
Bind me at least, or set me free.
Let me some nobler torture find
Than of a doubtful wavering mind:
Take all my peace! but you betray
Mine honour too, this cruel way.

'Tis true that I have nurs'd before
That hope, of which I now complain;

And, having little, sought no more,
Fearing to meet with your disdain.
The sparks of favour you did give,
I gently blew, to make them live;
And yet have gain'd, by all my care,
No rest in hope, nor in despair.

I see you wear that pitying smile
Which you have still vouchsaf'd my smart,
Content, thus cheaply, to beguile
And entertain an harmless heart:
But I no longer can give way
To hope that doth so little pay;
And yet I dare no freedom owe,
Whilst you are kind, though but in show.

Then give me more, or give me less:
Do not disdain a mutual sense:
Or your unpitying beauties dress
In their own free indifference!
But shew not a severer eye,
Sooner to give me liberty;
For I shall love the very scorn
Which, for my sake, you do put on.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT

Was born, according to Wood, in 1611; and in 1628 sent to Christ Church, Oxford, where he died, soon after his nomination to the office of junior proctor, in 1643. His learning, his oratory in the pulpit, and his poetical talents, are extolled by all his contemporaries; and his poems and plays were ushered into the world in 1651, with no less than fifty copies of commendatory verses. For this torrent of panegyric, he was probably indebted to the sweetness of his manners, and his proficiency in academical learning, because his poetry, as Mr. Headley has justly observed, is not remarkable for *elegance or even neatness of style*, though certainly recommended by good sense and solidity. Many high testimonies to his character may be seen in the Biog. Dram.

SONG.

[In "the Lady Errant."]

To carve our loves in myrtle rinds,
And tell our secrets to the woods;
To send our sighs by faithful winds,
And trust our tears unto the floods;
To call where no man hears,
And think that rocks have ears,

To walk and rest, to live and die,
And yet not know whence, how, or why;
To have our hopes with fears still check'd,
To credit doubts, and truth suspect,
This, this is what we may
A lover's absence say.

* * * * *

LOVE BUT ONE.

See these two little brooks that slowly creep
In snaky windings through the plains!
I knew them once one river, swift and deep,
Blessing and blest by poets' strains.

* * * * *

But, since it broke itself, and double glides,
The naked banks no dress have worn;
And yon dry barren mountain now derides
These valleys, which lost glories mourn.

O Chloris, think how this presents thy love!
Which when it ran but in one stream,
We happy shepherds thence did thrive, and 'prove,
And thou wast mine and all men's theme.

But since 't hath been imparted to one more,
And in two streams doth weakly creep,
Our common muse is thence grown low and poor,
And mine as lean as these my sheep.

But think withal what honour thou hast lost,
Which we did to thy full stream pay!
Whilst now that swain that swears he loves thee most
Slakes but his thirst and goes away!

* * * * *

FALSEHOOD.

[From 6 stanzas.]

Still do the stars impart their light
To those that travel in the night:
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow on the dial stand:
The streams still glide and constant are:
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

* * * * *

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy! there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry *Philip* when he'd done;
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt tho' he did bite;
No morn did pass,
But on my glass

He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love, convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone.
Oh! let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

SONG.

[From "the Ordinary."]

Whilst early light springs from the skies,
A fairer from your bride doth rise;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a second morning there.
Her blush doth shed
All o'er the bed

Clear shame-fac'd beams,
That spread in streams,
And purple round the modest air.

I will not tell what shrieks and cries,
What angry pishes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths, then newly born,
The listening taper heard there sworn:
Whilst froward she,
Most peèvishly,
Did yielding fight
To keep o'er night
What she'd have proffer'd you ere morn.

Fair, we know maids do refuse
To grant what they do come to lose:
Intend a conquest you that wed!
They would be chastely ravished:
Not any kiss
From Mrs. Pris,
If that you do
Persuade and woo.
Know, pleasure's by extorting fed.

O may her arms wax black and blue,
Only by hard encircling you;

May she round about you twine
Like the easy twisting vine;
And whilst you sip
From her full lip
Pleasures as new
As morning dew,
Let those soft ties your hearts combine.

SONG.

[From the same.]

Come, O come, I brook no stay;
He doth not love that can delay!
See, how the stealing night
Hath blotted out the light,
And tapers do supply the day!

To be chaste, is to be old,
And that foolish girl that's cold,
Is fourscore at fifteen:
Desires do write us green,
And looser flames our youth unfold.

See, the first taper's almost gone!
Thy flame like that will straight be none;

And I, as it expire,
Unable to hold fire;
She loseth time that lies alone.

O let us cherish then these powers,
Whilst we yet may call them ours!
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous chime,
But sprightful kisses strike the hours.

THOMAS NABBES.

Langbaine, without giving us any particulars of his life, only tells us that he was *pretty much esteemed* by his contemporaries. The first of the following specimens, extracted from his poems, (subjoined to the "Spring's Glory," a mask, London, 1639), has some originality: the second would not have been disowned by his patron, Suckling. See Biog. Dram.

Upon excellent strong Beer, which he drank at the town of Wich, in Worcestershire, where salt is made.

Thou ever youthful god of wine,
Whose burnish'd cheeks with rubies shine,
Thy brows with ivy chaplets crown'd;
We dare thee here to pledge a round!
Thy wanton grapes we do detest;
Here's richer juice from barley press'd.

Let not the muses vainly tell,
What virtue's in the horse-shoe-well,
That scarce one drop of good blood breeds,
But with mere inspiration feeds;

O let them come and taste this beer,
And water, henceforth, they'll forswear.

If that the Paracelsian crew
The virtues of this liquor knew,
Their endless toils they would give o'er,
And never use extractions more.
'Tis medicine; meat for young and old;
Elixir; blood of tortured gold.

It is sublimed; it's calcinate;
'Tis rectified; precipitate;
It is Androgena, Sol's wife;
It is the Mercury of life;
It is the quintessence of malt;
And they that drink it want no salt.

It heals, it hurts; it cures, it kills;
Men's heads with proclamations fills;
It makes some dumb, and others speak;
Strong vessels hold, and crack'd ones leak;
It makes some rich, and others poor;
It makes, and yet mars many a score.

On a Mistress of whose affection he was doubtful.

What though with figures I should raise
Above all height my mistress' praise;
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
The fairest June did e'er disclose;
Her forehead, lilies; and her eyes,
The luminaries of the skies;
That on her lips ambrosia grows,
And from her kisses nectar flows?—
Too great hyperboles! unless
She loves me, she is none of these!
But, if her heart and her desires
Do answer mine with equal fires,
These attributes are then too poor.—
She is all these, and ten times more.

HENRY GLAPTHORNE,

A poet who, like many of his contemporaries, seems to have mistaken extravagance and exaggeration, for tenderness and fancy. His best composition is entitled "Advice to a "Friend:" it contains much good sense, and some good poetry, but it is too long for insertion here. Of his lighter pieces, the following is perhaps the least unfavourable specimen. His poems were printed in a small volume 4to. in 1639. He wrote, besides, nine plays, five of which were printed singly in 1639 and 1646.

UNCLOSE those eye-lids, and outshine
The brightness of the breaking day!
The light they cover, is divine;
Why should it fade so soon away?
Stars vanish so, and day appears;
The sun's so drown'd i' th' morning's tears.

Oh! let not sadness cloud this beauty,
Which if you lose, you'll ne'er recover!
It is not love's, but sorrow's duty,
To die so soon for a dead lover.
Banish, oh! banish grief, and then
Our joys will bring our hopes again.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING,

Was born in 1613, and died at 28 years of age, in 1641. He is said to have served with some distinction as a volunteer under Gustavus Adolphus; but a magnificent regiment of cavalry, which he raised in the beginning of our civil wars, and which became equally conspicuous for cowardice and finery, threw a considerable degree of ridicule on his military reputation. His four plays have little merit, but the grace and elegance of his songs and ballads, are inimitable. His works were published in 1646, 1648, 1658, 1696, &c.

SONG.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her:
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devil take her!

SONG.

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over;

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou lett'st not men ask, and ask again,
And, when thou answer'st if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of meat;
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place;

Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover;
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

SONG.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more,
And still I did my part:

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;

And did already understand
The language of her eyes:

Proceeded on with no less art;
(My tongue was engineer;)
I thought to undermine the heart,
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses;
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie, at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know, from whence, and where,
These hopes and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I); the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride.

A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING.

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh! things beyond compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Among the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him;
The king, (God bless him!) 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so dress'd.

At course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town;
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid, (and thereby hangs a tale:
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
  Could ever yet produce)
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
  Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring;
  It was too wide a peck:
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar (just)
  About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
  As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way—
No sun upon an Easter day
  Is half so fine a sight!

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
  She would not do 't in sight:
And then she look'd as who should say,
I will do what I list to-day,
  And you shall do 't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
(Who sees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a catherine pear
(The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any sin,
The parson himself had guilty been
(She look'd that day so purely);
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It would have spoil'd him surely.

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride.
The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey:
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The brides came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
(And who could help it, Dick!)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride:—
But that he must not know:—
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay,
Like new-fall'n snow melting away:
('Twas time, I trow, to part)
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who would say
"God b' w' ye with all my heart."

But just as heavens would have, to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset;
The bridegroom ate in spite;
For had he left the women to 't,
It would have cost two hours to do 't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do;
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

SIR JOHN DENHAM,

Born in Dublin, 1615, entered, in 1631, gentleman-commoner at Trinity College, Oxford, where it is said he was chiefly addicted to gaming, and exhibited no signs of genius, and that his tragedy "the Sophy," which he wrote in 1641, and his beautiful poem on "Cooper's Hill," composed soon after, were received by the world with astonishment. Waller said "He broke out like the Irish Rebellion, threescore thousand strong, when no body was aware or in the least suspected it." Though but an indifferent soldier, his address and knowledge of mankind were often of service to Charles I. and after the restoration he was much admired by Charles II. who is said to have frequently suggested the subjects of his poetry. He died in 1668.

SONG.

[Out of an Epigram of Martial.]

PRITHEE, die and set me free,
Or else be
Kind and brisk, and gay, like me.
I pretend not to the wise ones,
To the grave, to the grave,
Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
That I prize,
Quick conceits, or sharp replies;
If wise thou wilt appear, and knowing,
Repartee, repartee,
To what I'm doing.

Prithee, why the room so dark?
Not a spark
Left to light me to the mark.
I love daylight, or a candle,
And to see, and to see
As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers, with a pox?
I could wish, could nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

* * * * *

SONG.

SOMNUS, the humble god that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.
Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

JOHN TATHAM

Appears to have been one of the *city poets*, and was the author of four plays; of "Fancy's Theatre," a volume of poems, printed in 1640; and of "Ostella, or the Faction "of Love and Beauty reconciled," London, 1650, 4to. a very scarce volume, though not otherwise valuable. The following specimen, taken from the latter collection, is very near being elegant.

THE SWALLOW.

MARK, Ostella, when the spring
Hath dissolv'd the frosty king,
And re-seats herself on earth,
Giving flowers and plants a birth;
When the glorious sun doth shine
Full of heat, as do thy eyn;
* * * * *
Then, oh then, to us will come,
To our cottage, to our home,
An amorous guest, who will salute
You from the chimney-top, with flute-
like notes, when you least need the same:
To sing to you 'twill be on flame!

But, when the tedious winter's night
Comes on, that wants both heat and light,
And that his pretty music may
With pleasure pass the time away,
Which else perhaps might sadness bring—
Your guest is hoarse, and cannot sing.

Acquaintance so leaves man in misery
Who did adore him in prosperity.

SIR EDWARD SHERBURNE.

This learned translator was born in 1618, and was constant to the royal cause during the reign of Charles I. in whose armies he held the post of commissary-general of artillery. From March 1654, till October 1659, he travelled abroad with his pupil, Sir John Coventry. As a reward for his loyalty he was knighted by Charles II. in 1682: but suffered inconvenience on James II.'s abdication. His "Poems "and Translations, amorous, lusory, moral, and divine," printed in 1651, 12mo. exhibit marks of considerable genius, which, however, is not sufficiently regulated by judgment. He translated three tragedies from Seneca, viz. Medea, Troades, and Phædra and Hippolitus, and the philosophical poem of Manilius, with notes, 1675, folio. The poet Stanley was his friend and kinsman.

ICE AND FIRE.

NAKED love did to thine eye,
Chloris, once, to warm him, fly:
But its subtle flame and light
Scorch'd his wings, and spoil'd his sight.

Forc'd from thence, he went to rest
In the soft couch of thy breast:

But there met a frost so great,
As his torch extinguish'd straight.

When poor Cupid thus (constrain'd
His cold bed to leave) complain'd
" Alas! what lodging 's here for me,
" If all ice and fire she be?"

THE SURPRISE.

THERE's no dallying with love,
Though he be a child, and blind;
Then let none the danger prove,
Who would to himself be kind:
Smile he does when thou dost play,
But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the boy I sported;
Love I did not, yet love feign'd;
Had no mistress, yet I courted;
Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd:
'Till at last this love in jest
Prov'd in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair-one first,
In a feigned fire I burn'd;

But true flames my poor heart pierc'd,
When her eyes on mine she turn'd:
So a real wound I took
For my counterfeited look.

* * * * *

None who loves not,-then, make shew:
Love's as ill deceiv'd as fate;
Fly the boy, he'll cog and woo,
Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah! who dally boast in vain;
False love wants not real pain.

LOVE ONCE, LOVE EVER.

Shall I, hopeless, then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me?
Shall I still adore and woo
A proud heart that does despise me?
I a *constant* love may so,
But, alas! a *fruitless*, shew.

* * * * *

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess,
Reason passion would o'ersway,

Bidding me my flames suppress,
Or divert some other way;
But what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
Sailing to the unknown strand;
But that (steer which way he will)
To the loved north points still.

[*Extract from "the Sun-rise."*]

Thou youthful goddess of the morn,
Whose blush they in the east adore,
Daughter of Phœbus, who before
Thy all-enlightening sire art born!
Haste, and restore the day to me,
That my love's beauteous object I may see!

Too much of time the night devours;
The cock's shrill voice calls thee again:
Then quickly mount thy golden wain,
Drawn by the softly-sliding hours,

And make apparent to all eyes
With what enamel thou dost paint the skies.

* * * * *

Ah, now I see the sweetest dawn!
Thrice welcome to my longing sight!
Hail, divine beauty, heavenly light;
I see thee through yon cloud of lawn
Appear, and as thy star does glide,
Blanching with rays the east on every side!

Dull silence, and the drowsy king
Of sad and melancholy dreams,
Now fly before thy cheerful beams,
The darkest shadows vanquishing:
The owl, that all the night did keep
A hooting, now is fled, and gone to sleep.

But all those little birds, whose notes
Sweetly the listening ear enthrall,
To the clear water's murmuring fall
Accord their disagreeing throats;
The lustre of that greater star
Praising, to which thou art but harbinger.

* * * * *

With holy reverence inspir'd,
When first the day renews its light,
The earth, at so divine a sight,
Seems as if all one altar fir'd,
Reeking with perfumes to the skies,
Which she presents, her native sacrifice.

The humble shepherd, to his rays
Having his rustic homage paid,
And to some cool retired shade
Driven his bleating flocks to graze,
Sits down, delighted with the sight
Of that great lamp, so mild, so fair, so bright.

* * * * *

The bee through flowery gardens goes,
Buzzing, to drink the morning's tears,
And from the early lily bears
A kiss commended to the rose,
And, like a wary messenger,
Whispers some amorous story in her ear.*
&c. &c. &c.

* The remainder of this poem would now be thought forced and unnatural.

SIR FRANCIS KINASTON,

Author of "Leoline and Sydanis," and "Cynthiades," 1641, son of Sir Edward Kinaston, knt. of Otely in Shropshire, became gentleman-commoner of Oriel College, 1601, took his master's degree in Cambridge, and returned to Oxford 1611. Thence he went to Court, was knighted in 1618, and afterwards made esquire of the body of Charles I. He was the first regent of the academy called *the Musæum Minervæ*, 1635. He printed this year two books of a Latin translation of Chaucer's Troilus and Cresseid; and died 1642, or thereabouts, says Wood, who adds: "This is the person who "by experience falsified the alchymist's report, that a hen "being fed for certain days with gold, beginning when Sol "was in Leo, should be *converted into gold*, and should "*lay golden eggs*; *but indeed became very fat.*"

Do not conceal thy radiant eyes,
The star-light of serenest skies;
Lest, wanting of their heavenly light,
They turn to chaos' endless night!

Do not conceal those tresses fair,
The silken snares of thy curl'd hair;
Lest, finding neither gold nor ore,
The curious silk-worm work no more!

Do not conceal those breasts of thine,
More snow-white than the apennine;
Lest, if there be like cold and frost,
The lily be for ever lost!

Do not conceal that fragrant scent,
Thy breath, which to all flowers hath lent
Perfumes; lest, it being suppresst,
No spices grow in all the east!

Do not conceal thy heavenly voice,
Which makes the hearts of gods rejoice;
Lest, music hearing no such thing,
The nightingale forget to sing!

Do not conceal, nor yet eclipse,
Thy pearly teeth with coral lips;
Lest, that the seas cease to bring forth
Gems which from thee have all their worth!

Do not conceal no beauty, grace,
That's either in thy mind or face;
Lest virtue overcome by vice.
Make men believe no paradise.

TO CYNTHIA, ON HER MOTHER'S DECEASE.

April is past! then do not shed,
Nor do not waste in vain,
Upon thy mother's earthy bed,
Thy tears of silver rain.

Thou canst not hope that her cold earth
By watering will bring forth
A flower like thee, or will give birth
To one of the like worth.

'Tis true the rain fall'n from the sky,
Or from the clouded air,
Doth make the earth to fructify,
And makes the heaven more fair.

With thy dear face it is not so,
Which if once overcast,
If thou rain down thy showers of woe,
They like the Syrens blast.

Therefore, when sorrow shall becloud
Thy fair serenest day,
Weep not! my sighs shall be allow'd
To chace the storm away.

* * * * *

THOMAS BEEDOME,

Author of "Poems divine and humane," (London, 1641) a very scarce little volume. These posthumous poems contain many good lines, but in general wretchedly marred by extravagant conceits. The following is, perhaps, the least faulty specimen.

From the numerous complimentary verses by contemporary wits, which, according to the custom of the times, usher in the author and his productions with hyperbolical praise, it appears that Beedome died very young.

THE QUESTION AND ANSWER.

When the sad ruin of that face
In its own wrinkles buried lies,
And the stiff pride of all its grace,
By time undone falls slack, and dies;
Wilt thou not sigh, and wish, in some vex'd fit,
That it were now as when I courted it?

And when thy glass shall it present
Without those smiles which once were there,
Shewing, like some stale monument,
A scalp departed from its hair;

At thyself frighted, wilt not start, and swear
That I belied thee, when I call'd thee fair?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt; and so
  Pity the weakness of thy scorn,
That now hath humbled thee to know,
  Though fair it was, it is forlorn.
Love's sweets thy aged corpse embalming not,
What marvel, if thy carcase beauty rot?

Then shall I live; and live to be
  Thy envy, thou my pity: say
Whene'er thou see me, or I thee,
  (Being nighted from thy beauty's day)
" 'Tis he! and had my pride not wither'd me,
" I had, perhaps, been still as fresh as he."

Then shall I smile, and answer, " True; thy scorn
" Left thee thus wrinkled, slackt, corrupt, forlorn."

HENRY DELAUNE,

A writer concerning whom nothing seems to be known, except that he published a small volume in 1657, under the title of "Πατρικον Δωρον, or, a legacy to his sons, "being a miscellany of precepts, theological, moral, poli- "tical, and œconomical, digested into seven centuries of "quadrins," second edition: the first appeared in 1651. These moral and religious epigrams (for such they are) appear to be the real dictates of paternal solicitude, and the result of long experience. A few specimens, taken by chance from the concluding century, may serve as examples of the author's style; which is uniformly nervous and correct, and highly creditable to his learning and good sense as well as piety, but seldom very eminently poetical.

WHEN the straight columns, on whose well-knit chine
Some stately structure leans its weighty head,
Are from their centre mov'd, or made incline,
The pile soon sinks, and shrinks to its first bed:

So, when you see death's agents daily come,
And from the earth just men and good translate,

A sure and sad prognostic 'tis of some
Impending judgment on a realm or state.

Ere God on Sodom stretch'd his flaming hand,
He had a care to send just Lot away;
So mostly still, when he will scourge a land,
Whom he best loves, he puts out of the way.

Early set forth to your eternal race:
Th' ascent is steep and craggy, you must climb.
God, at all times, has promis'd sinners grace
If they repent; but he ne'er promis'd *time*.

Cheat not yourselves as most; who then prepare
For death, when life is almost turn'd to fume:
One thief was sav'd that no man might despair;
And *but one* thief, that no man might presume.

* * * * *

Wealth, honour, friends, wife, children, kindred, all
We so much doat on, and wherein we trust,
Are withering gourds; blossoms that fade and fall;
Landscapes in water; and deeds drawn in dust.

* * * * *

How many has the morn beheld to rise
In their youth's prime, as glorious as the sun,

Who, like a flower cropt, have had their eyes
Clos'd up by death before the day was done!

Poison, a knife, a pistol, thousands more
Sad instruments, set periods to our fates.
Nature lets in to life but at one door;
But, to go forth, death opens many gates.

* * * * *

RICHARD LOVELACE,

Eldest son of Sir Wm. Lovelace of Woolwich, in Kent, knt. was born in 1618, educated at the Charter-house, and Glocester-hall, Oxford, where he entered as a gentleman-commoner when 16 years of age; and while the king and queen were in the University, at *the request of a great lady* made to the chancellor, was created A.M. though then but of two years standing. Wood says of him, that he was "accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that eye "ever beheld: a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and "courtly deportment," and that he was "much admired "and adored by the female sex." He died in extreme want at a mean lodging near Shoe-lane, in 1658, after having frequently risked his life, and consumed his whole patrimony in useless efforts to serve his sovereign. He wrote two plays, never printed, called "the Scholar," and "the Soldier," and a volume of poems, 1649, called "Lucasta," in honour of Lucy Sacheverel, a lady of great beauty and fortune, whom he usually styled *Lux Casta*, and who, supposing him dead of his wounds received at Dunkirk, where he commanded a regiment, married another.

After his death his "Posthume Poems" were published, in the year 1659, by his brother, Dudley Posthumus-Lovelace.

THE SCRUTINY. SONG.

[Abridged from 4 stanzas.]

WHY should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn;
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much, and long;
A tedious twelve-hour's space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still doat upon thy face.

* * * * *

SONG.

To Amarantha, that she would dishevel her hair.

[Abridged from 7 stanzas.]

AMARANTHA, sweet and fair,
Ah! braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand or eye,
Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd
As its calm ravisher the wind;
Who hath left his darling th' east
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbons, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun in 's early ray,
But shake your head and scatter day!

* * * * *

SONG.

To Lucasta. Going to the wars.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chace,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

SONNET.

When I by thy fair shape did swear
(And mingled with each vow a tear)
I lov'd, I lov'd thee best,
I swore as I profest;
For all the while you lasted warm and pure
My oaths too did endure;
But once turn'd faithless to thyself, and old,
They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

* * * * *

SONG.

To Althea, from prison.

When love, with unconfined wings,
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye,—
The "birds,"* that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,—
Fishes, that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

* In the original it is "gods." The correction, which is very happy, is Dr. Percy's.

When, like committed linnets, I*
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,—
Enlarged winds that curl the flood
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,—
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty.

* Dr. Percy has changed this line into "When, linnet-"like confined, I," which is more intelligible.

ABRAHAM COWLEY,

Born in 1618. Died in 1667.

ODE.

[Abridged from 5 stanzas.]

HERE's to thee, Dick—this whining love despise;
Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be'st wise.
It sparkles brighter far than she;
'Tis pure and bright, without deceit,
And such no woman e'er will be:
No, they are all sophisticate.

* * * * *

Follies they have so numberless in store,
That only he who loves them can have more.
Neither their sighs nor tears are true,
Those idly blow, these idly fall,
Nothing like to ours at all:
But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd,
Let the glass walk, till all thy griefs go round;

Again; till these two lights be four;
No error here can dangerous prove:
Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more;
None double see like men in love.

[*Extract from "the Spring."*]

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay
As ever they were wont to be:
Nay, the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and free
As if they sung to pleasure you.
I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I'll swear,
The blushing morning open'd not more fair.

* * * * *

[*From "the Request."*]

* * * * *

I ASK not one in whom all beauties grow—
Let me but love, whate'er she be,
She cannot seem deform'd to me;
And I would have her seem to others so.

* * * * *

That happy thing, a lover, grown
I shall not see with others' eyes—scarce with
mine own.

* * * * *

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone:
Strike deep thy burning arrows in:
Lukewarmness I account a sin
As great in love as in religion.
Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove
All the extremities of mighty love!

* * * * *

NOT FAIR.

'Tis very true; I thought you once as fair
As women in th' idea are:
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to be
But a faint metaphor of thee.
But then, methought, there something shin'd within
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin.

* * * * *

But since I knew thy falsehood, and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside;

A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be;

* * * * *

Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.

* * * * *

[*From "the Change."*]

Love in her sunny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there:
In all her outward parts love's always seen;—
But, oh! he never went within.

* * * * *

[*From "the Soul."*]

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair,
Or ears, that they have music found
Besides thy voice in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet
After thy kiss with aught that's sweet;

If my abused touch allow
Aught to be smooth or soft but you;
If what seasonable springs,
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all
Aught perfume but thy breath to call;

* * * * *

May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you;

* * * * *

If ever I an hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you 're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee;
If any sorrow touch my mind
Whilst you are well and not unkind;
If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse and hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all;

* * * * *

If any passion of my heart,
By any force or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
May'st thou no passion have for me.

* * * * *

[*From "the Wish."*]

Well, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah! yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And (since love ne'er will from me flee),
A mistress, moderately fair,
And good, as guardian-angels are;
Only belov'd, and loving me!

* * * * *

How happy here should I,
And one dear she, live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In desarts solitude.

* * * * *

[*From "the Inconstant."*]

I NEVER yet could see that face,
Which had no dart for me;
From fifteen years to fifty's space
They all victorious be.

* * * * *

Colour or shape, good limbs, or face,
Goodness, or wit, in all I find;
In motion or in speech a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

* * * * *

If tall, the name of *proper* slays;
If fair, she's pleasant as the *light;*
If low, her *prettiness* does please;
If black, what lover loves not *night?*

* * * * *

The fat like plenty fills my heart,
  The lean with love makes me so too;
If straight, her body's *Cupid's dart;*
  To me, if crooked, 'tis his *bow.*

* * * * *

Thus with unwearied wings I flee
  Through all love's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
  No weed but honey to me yields.

* * * * *

HONOUR.

She loves, and she confesses too;
There's then at last no more to do.
The happy work's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won.
The fruits of conquest now begin:
Iô triumphe! enter in.

What's this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.

Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made?
Empty cause of solid harms!
But I shall find out counter-charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
By the night's obscurity,
And obscurer secresy.
Unlike to every other sprite,
Thou attempt'st not men t' affright,
Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE CHRONICLE. A BALLAD.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
If I remember well, my breast,
Margarita, first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catharine.
Beauteous Catharine gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they sway'd:
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me,
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power,
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
Whilst she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy:
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
  Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria:
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catharine,
  And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
  The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
  That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
  The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
  Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting maid;
  I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weather that befel)
  Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me:
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Eleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign.

ANDREW MARVELL.

The life of this accomplished man, who, though principally distinguished by his inflexible patriotism, was generally and justly admired for his learning, his acuteness in controversial writing, his wit, and his poetical talents, is to be found in almost every biographical work (excepting Dr. Johnson's Lives of the Poets); and is, besides, incapable of being so far compressed as to find its place in this little miscellany.

He was born in 1620, at Kingston upon Hull, (the town which he so long represented in Parliament) and died in London, August 16, 1678.

A neat edition of his poems was published by Davies, in two small volumes, 1772. But the most complete and splendid collection of his works appeared in three volumes 4to. 1776, under the care of Capt. Edward Thompson.

DAPHNIS AND CHLOE.

[Abridged from 27 stanzas.]

DAPHNIS must from Chloe part:
Now is come the dismal hour,
That must all his hopes devour,
All his labour, all his art.

Nature, her own sex's foe,
Long had taught her to be coy;
But she neither knew t' enjoy,
Nor yet let her lover go.

But, with this sad news surpris'd,
Soon she let that niceness fall;
And would gladly yield to all,
So it had his stay compris'd.

* * * * *

He, well read in all the ways
By which men their siege maintain,
Knew not that, the fort to gain,
Better 'twas the siege to raise.

But he came so full possess'd
With the grief of parting thence,
That he had not so much sense
As to see he might be bless'd;

Till love in her language breath'd
Words she never spake before;
But than legacies no more
To a dying man bequeath'd.

As the soul of one scarce dead,
With the shrieks of friends aghast,
Looks distracted back in haste,
And then straight again is fled;

So did wretched Daphnis look,
Frighting her he loved most.
At the last, this lover's ghost
Thus his leave resolved took.

Are my hell and heaven join'd,
More to torture him that dies?
Could departure not suffice,
But that you must then grow kind?

Ah my Chloe! how have I
Such a wretched minute found,
When thy favours should me wound,
More than all thy cruelty?

So to the condemned wight,
The delicious cup we fill;
And allow him all he will,
For his last and short delight.

But I will not now begin
  Such a debt unto my foe;
  Nor to my departure owe
What my presence could not win.

* * * * *

Gentler times for love are meant:
  Who for parting pleasure strain,
  Gather roses in the rain,
Wet themselves, and spoil their scent.

Farewell therefore all the fruit,
  Which I could from love receive!
  Joy will not with sorrow weave,
Nor will I this grief pollute.

Fate, I come, as dark, as sad,
  As thy malice could desire;
  Yet bring with me all the fire,
That love in his torches had.

At these words away he broke,
  As who long has praying lien,
  To his head's-man makes the sign,
And receives the parting stroke.

* * * * *

YOUNG LOVE.

[Abridged from 8 stanzas.]

Come, little infant! love me now,
While thine unsuspected years
Clear thine aged father's brow
From cold jealousy and fears.

Pretty surely 'twere to see
By young love old time beguil'd,
While our sportings are as free
As the nurses with the child.

Common beauties stay fifteen;
Such as yours should swifter move;
Whose fair blossoms are too green
Yet for lust, but not for love.

Love as much the snowy lamb,
Or the wanton kid does prize,
As the lusty bull, or ram,
For his morning sacrifice.

Now then love me: time may take
Thee before thy time away;
Of this need we'll virtue make,
And learn love before we may.

So we win of doubtful fate;
And if good she to us meant,
We that good shall antedate;
And if ill, that ill prevent.

* * * * *

ALEXANDER BROME.

[From his "Songs and other Poems," of which the first edition appeared in 1660, the second in 1664, and the third in 1668.]

The character of this witty loyalist, who is supposed to have contributed very essentially by his writings to the restoration of Charles II. is thus drawn by honest Isaac Walton, in what he calls "an *humble Eglog*, written on the 29th of May, 1660."

DAMON AND DORUS.

* * * *

Let rebels' spirits sink, let those
That like the Goths and Vandals rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our church, our king,
And all that's dear to us, be sad;
But be not thou; let us be glad.
And Dorus, to invite thee, look,
Here's a collection in this book
Of all those cheerful songs, that we
Have sung so oft and merrily,
As we have march'd to fight the cause
Of God's anointed, and our laws:

* * * * *

Such songs as virgins need not fear
To sing, or a grave matron hear.
Here's love dress'd neat, and chaste, and gay
As gardens in the month of May;
Here's harmony, and wit, and art,
To raise thy thoughts, and cheer thy heart.

Dorus. Written by whom?
Damon. A friend of mine,
And one that's worthy to be thine:
A civil swain, that knows his times
For business, and that done, makes rhymes,
But not till then: my friend's a man
Loved by the muses, dear to Pan;
He blest him with a cheerful heart,
And they with this sharp wit, and art,
Which he so tempers, as no swain
That's loyal does or should complain, &c.

Born 1620: died 1666. He was an attorney in the Lord Mayor's Court, and preserved his loyalty untainted through the whole of the civil wars and the protectorship. In 1651, he published a comedy intitled "the Cunning Lovers," and in 1666, a translation of Horace by himself and others. He was also the editor of the dramatic works of his brother, Richard Brome.

SONG.

To a coy Lady.

I PRITHEE leave this peevish fashion,
Don't desire to be high-priz'd,
Love's a princely noble passion,
And doth scorn to be despis'd.
Though we say you're fair, you know
We your beauty do bestow,
For our fancy makes you so.

Don't be proud 'cause we adore you,
We do't only for our pleasure;
And those parts in which you glory
We by fancy weigh and measure.
When for deities you go,
For angels or for queens, pray know
'Tis our fancy makes you so.

Don't suppose your majesty
By tyranny's best signified,
And your angelic natures be
Distinguish'd only by your pride.
Tyrants make subjects rebels grow,
And pride makes angels devils below,
And your pride may make you so.

PALINODE.

No more, no more of this, I vow
'Tis time to leave this fooling now,
Which few but fools call wit;
There was a time when I begun,
And now 'tis time I should have done,
And meddle no more with it.
He physic's use doth quite mistake
That physic takes for physic's sake.

My heat of youth, and love, and pride,
Did swell me with their strong spring-tide,
  Inspir'd my brain and blood;
And made me then converse with toys
Which are call'd muses by the boys,
  And dabble in their flood.
I was persuaded in those days
There was no crown like love and bays.

But now my youth and pride are gone,
And age and cares come creeping on,
  And business checks my love,
What need I take a needless toil,
To spend my labour, time, and oil,
  Since no design can move.
For, now the cause is ta'en away,
What reason is't th' effect should stay?

'Tis but a folly now for me
To spend my time and industry
  About such useless wit;
For when I think I have done well,
I see men laugh; but cannot tell
  Whe'r 't be at me, or it.
Great madness 'tis to be a drudge,
When those that cannot write, dare judge.

Besides the danger that ensu'th,
To him that speaks or writes the truth,
The premium is so small;
To be call'd poet, and wear bays,
And factor turn of songs and plays;
This is no wit at all!
Wit, only good to sport and sing,
's a needless and an endless thing.

Give me the wit that can't speak sense,
Nor read it, but in's own defence,
Ne'er learn'd, but of his grannam;
He that can buy, and sell, and cheat,
May quickly make a shift to get
His thousand pound per annum,
And purchase, without much ado,
The poems, and the poet too.

Upon his Mare, stolen by a Trooper, in 1644.

Why let her go.—I'll vex myself no more,
Lest my heart break, as did my stable door.
'Twas but a mare; if she be gone, she's gone:
'Tis not a mare that I do stand upon.

Now, by this cross! I am so temperate grown,
I'll bridle nature, since my mare is gone.
I have a little learning—and less wit—
That wealth is sure: no thief can pilfer it.
Riches, they say, have wings: my mare had so;
For though she had legs, yet she could hardly go:
But thieves, and fate, have such a strong command
To make those go which have no feet to stand.
I'll mount on Pegasus; for he's so poor
From thief or true man one may ride secure.
I would not rack invention for a curse
To plague the thief, for fear I make him worse:
In charity I wish him no more pain,
But to restore me home my mare again.
And, 'cause I would not have good customs alter,
I wish who has the mare may have the halter.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

A younger son of Thomas earl of Berkshire, was probably born about 1622, and educated at Magdalen College, Oxford. Having shared in his father's sufferings, and distinguished himself by his loyalty and courage, he became, after the Restoration, a knight, a M.P. and a place-man, and died in 1698. For a list of his dramatic and other works, and farther particulars of his life, vide Wood's Ath. and the Biog. Dramat. His poems, consisting of songs and sonnets, panegyrics, translations, &c. were published, together with his first comedy (" the Blind Lady") in 1660: but Sir Robert is principaliy known to posterity by his controversy with his brother-in-law Dryden.

TO THE INCONSTANT CYNTHIA.

A SONG.

* * * * *

In thy fair breast, and once fair soul,
I thought my vows were writ alone:
But others' oaths so blurr'd the scroll,
That I no more could read my own.
And am I still oblig'd to pay,
When you had thrown the bond away?

Nor must we only part in joy,
  Our tears as well must be unkind:
Weep you, that could such truth destroy,
  And I, that could such falseness find!
Thus we must unconcern'd remain
In our divided joys and pain.
Yet we may love, but on this different score,
You what I am, I what you were before.

THE RESOLUTION.

[From 8 stanzas.]

No, Cynthia, never think I can
  Love a divided heart and mind;
Your sunshine love to every man,
  Appears alike as great as kind.

None but the duller Persians kneel,
  And the bright god of beams implore;
Whilst others equal influence feel,
  That never did the god adore.

* * * * *

Though I resolve to love no more,
  Since I did once, I will advise:

The love of conquests now give o'er;
Disquiets wait on victories.

To your much-injur'd peace and name
Love's farewell as a tribute pay;
Grow now reserv'd, and raise your fame
By your own choice, not your decay.

She that to age her charms resigns,
And then at last turns votary,
Though virtue much the change inclines,
'Tis sullied by necessity.

ROBERT HERRICK,

Author of a collection of poems published under the title of "Hesperides," 8vo. 1648. The volume contains two little pieces, "the Primrose," and "the Inquiry," which are printed in Carew's poems. Phillips in his "Theatrum Poetarum" thinks him "not particularly influenced by "any nymph or goddess, except his *maid Prue*:" but allows him to have shown occasionally "a pretty flowery and "pastoral gale of fancy," &c. Wood tells us (Vol. II. p. 122) that he was a Londoner born, though of a Leicestershire family; elected fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, from St. John's, but took no degree: that, being patronized by the earl of Essex, he afterwards resided in Devonshire, much beloved, till, forced to withdraw, he retired to London, where he was still living, subsequent to the Restoration. For farther particulars, see Gent. Mag. for 1796, p. 461, 645.

SONG.

HEAR ye virgins, and I'll teach,
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamond was in a bower
Kept, as Danae in a tower:
But yet love, who subtle is,
Crept to that, and came to this.

Be ye lock'd up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides;
Or those babies in your eyes,
In their crystal nunneries;
Notwithstanding, love will win,
Or else force a passage in;
And as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get you, or the man.

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

[From 7 stanzas.]

You are a tulip, seen to-day,—
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,—
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,—
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

* * * * *

You are a dainty violet,—
Yet wither'd, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,—
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

SONNET.

Am I despis'd because you say,
And I believe, that I am grey?
Know, lady, you have but your day,
And night will come, and men will swear
Time hath spilt snow upon your hair.

Then, when in your glass you seek,
And find no rose-buds in your cheek;
No, nor the bed to give you shew
Where such a rare carnation grew,
And such a smiling tulip too;

O then too late in close your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old
By those true tears you're weeping.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

[From 7 stanzas.]

Good-morrow to the day so fair;
Good-morning, sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morning to this primrose too;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

* * * * *

I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowslips bind him;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

THOMAS STANLEY,

The very learned editor of Æschylus, and author of the "History of Philosophy," was the only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, knt. of Cumberlow-green in Hertfordshire, and nephew to Sandys the traveller and poet. He pursued his studies, first at home, and afterwards in Pembroke-hall, Cambridge, under the direction of Mr. Wm. Fairfax, son to the celebrated translator of Tasso. Having continued at the University till he had taken the degree of A. M. and been admitted to the same at Oxford, 1640, he then travelled in foreign countries; and on his return lived, during part of the civil wars, in the Middle Temple. He was the friend of Shirley, Sherburne, Hall, and Suckling. His poems, printed in 1651, in 12mo. consist principally of translations, with a few original compositions, from which the following specimens are borrowed. He died in 1678.

Phillips, after commending his other works adds, that Stanley was "particularly honoured for his smooth air and gentile "spirit in poetry; which appears not only in his own "genuine poems, but also from what he hath so well "translated out of ancient Greek, and modern Italian, "Spanish, and French poets, as to make his own."

THE DEPOSITION.

THOUGH, when I lov'd thee, thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so:
Those glories all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe:
Beauties, like stars, in borrow'd lustre shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames, that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now with mine expire:
Thy brightest graces fade, and die
At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return,
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implor'd or woo'd;
Since, by thy scorn, thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestow'd:
And thy despis'd disdain too late shall find,
That none are fair but who are kind.

LOVE'S HERETIC.

He whose active thoughts disdain
To be captive to one foe,
And would break his single chain,
Or else more would undergo;
Let him learn the art of me
By new bondage to be free.

What tyrannic mistress dare
To one beauty love confine?
Who, unbounded as the air,
All may court, but none decline.
Why should we the heart deny
As many objects as the eye.

Wheresoe'er I turn or move
A new passion doth detain me:
Those kind beauties that do love,
Or those proud ones that disdain me.
This frown melts, and that smile burns me;
This to tears, that ashes turns me.

Soft fresh virgins, not full-blown,
With their youthful sweetness take me;
Sober matrons, that have known
Long since what these prove, awake me;

Here, staid coldness I admire,
There, the lively active fire.

She that doth by skill dispense
  Every favour she bestows,
Or the harmless innocence
  Which nor court nor city knows,
Both alike my soul inflame,
That wild beauty, and this tame.

She that wisely can adorn
  Nature with the wealth of art,
Or whose rural sweets do scorn
  Borrow'd helps to take a heart;
The vain care of that's my pleasure,
Poverty of this my treasure.

Both the wanton and the coy
  Me with equal pleasures move;
She whom I by force enjoy,
  Or who forceth me to love:
This, because she'll not confess,
That, not hide her happiness.

She whose loosely flowing hair,
  Scatter'd like the beams o' th' morn,
Playing with the sportive air,
  Hides the sweets it doth adorn;

Captive in the net restrains me,
In those golden fetters chains me.

Nor doth she with power less bright
My divided heart invade,
Whose soft tresses spread, like night,
O'er her shoulders a black shade:
For the star-light of her eyes
Brighter shines through those dark skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can sport,
The bold sprightly Thais woo,
Or the frozen vestal court.
Every beauty takes my mind,
Tied to all, to none confin'd.

THE EXEQUIES.

Draw near
You lovers, that complain
Of fortune or disdain,
And to my ashes lend a tear!
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones,

Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide
Of all love's cruelties, and beauty's pride!

No verse,
No epicedium bring;
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrors of my herse:
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here:
Vast griefs are dumb: softly, oh softly mourn!
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have;
Forsaken cypress, and sad yew;
For kinder flowers can take no birth
Or growth from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say, " Here lies
" To love and fate an equal sacrifice.

SONG.

When, dearest beauty, thou shalt pay
Thy faith and my vain hope away
To some dull soul, that cannot know
The worth of that thou dost bestow;
Lest with my sighs and tears I might
Disturb thy unconfin'd delight,
To some dark shade I will retire,
And there, forgot by all, expire.

Thus, whilst the difference thou shalt prove
Betwixt a feign'd and real love,
Whilst he, more happy, but less true,
Shall reap those joys I did pursue,
And with those pleasures crowned be
By fate, which love design'd for me,
Then thou perhaps thyself wilt find
Cruel too long, or too soon kind.

ROBERT HEATH,

Of whom I know nothing more than that he was the author of "Clarastella," a collection of poems in one volume, 12mo. printed in 1650.

SONG.

Invest my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows!
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse!
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;
Whose snow if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short, and winged pleasures fly;
Who mourning live, do living die.

On down and floods then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs, and singing die.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

To Clarastella saying she would commit herself to a Nunnery.

[From 9 stanzas.]

STAY, Clarastella, prithee stay!
Recall those frantic vows again!
Wilt thou thus cast thyself away,
As well as me, in fond disdain?
Wilt thou be cruel to thyself? chastise
Thy harmless body, 'cause your powerful eyes
Have charm'd my senses by a strange surprise?

Is it a sin to be belov'd?
If but the cause you could remove,
Soon the effect would be remov'd;
Where beauty is, there will be love.
Nature, that wisely nothing made in vain,
Did make you lovely to be lov'd again,
And, when such beauty tempts, can love refrain?

When heaven was prodigal to you,
And you with beauty's glory stor'd,
He made you, like himself, for view,
To be beheld and then ador'd.
Why should the gold then fear to see that sun
That form'd it pure? Why should you live a nun,
And hide those rays heaven gave to you alone?

* * * * *

Thyself a holy temple art,
Where love shall teach us both to pray;
I'll make an altar of my heart,
And incense on thy lips will lay.
Thy mouth shall be my oracle, and then
For beads we'll tell our kisses o'er again,
Till they, breath'd from our souls, shall cry, *Amen.*

SAMUEL SHEPPARD.

Six books of Epigrams, "the Socratic Session," a sort of dramatic satire on Julius Scaliger, and "a Mausolean "Monument over his deceased parents, with three pasto-"rals," were published by this writer, 1651, in a 12mo. volume, from whence the following stanzas are extracted, as the most favourable specimen of his abilities.

In memory of our famous Shakspeare.

Sacred spirit! whilst thy lyre
Echoed o'er th' Arcadian plains,
Even Apollo did admire,
Orpheus wonder'd at thy strains.

Plautus sigh'd, Sophocles wept
Tears of anger, for to hear
(After they so long had slept)
So bright a genius should appear;

Who wrote his lines with a sun-beam,
More durable than time or fate!
Others boldly do blaspheme,
Like those that seem to preach, but prate.

Thou wert truly priest elect,
Chosen darling to the nine,
Such a trophy to erect
By thy wit and skill divine,

That, were all their other glories
(Thine excepted) torn away,
By thy admirable stories
Their garments ever shall be gay.

Where thy honour'd bones do lie,
(As Statius once to Maro's urn)
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread, and sadly mourn.

JOHN HALL,

Author of a small volume of poems printed at Cambridge, 1646, and dedicated to "his truly noble, and worthily "honoured friend, Thomas Stanley, Esq." Wood tells us he was born in Durham, of genteel parents, 1627. Being kept from the University by the civil war, he studied at home till 1646, when he entered at St. John's, Cambridge, and, after a year's residence, removed in high credit to Lincoln's Inn. He published in favour of the Commonwealth, and was about 1650 called to the bar, and sometimes pleaded. In 1655 he left London in a bad state of health, and died at Durham 1656, in his 29th year. As to his character for abilities, Phillips says that, "besides his "juvenile poems, memorable only for their airy and youthful wit, he improved afterwards to a more substantial "reputation for what he wrote in verse as well as prose; "but a poem he began, of great and general expectation "among his friends, had he lived to complete it, would "doubtless have very much advanced and completed his "fame." And Hobbes observes, that "had not his debauches and intemperance diverted him from the more "serious studies, he had made an extraordinary person: "for no man had ever done so great things at his age." For a list of his works vide Wood, Vol. I. 534, 5.

THE CRYSTAL.

This crystal here,
That shines so clear,
And carries in its womb a little day,
Once hammer'd, will appear
Impure as dust, as dark as clay.

Even such will prove
Thy face, my love,
When age shall soil the lustre of thine eyes,
And all that red remove
That on thy spicy lip now lies!

Nor can a hand
Again command,
By any art, these ruins into frame;
But they will sever'd stand,
And ne'er compose the former same.

Such is the case
Love, of thy face;
Both desperate, in this you disagree;
Thy beauty needs must pass:
It, of itself, will constant be.

SONG.

Distill not poison in mine ears,
  Aerial Syrens, nor untie
These sable fetters: yonder spheres
  Dance to a silent harmony.

Could I but follow where you lead,
  Disrob'd of earth, and plum'd by air,
Then I my tenuous self might spread,
  As quick as fancy, every where.

But I'll make sallies now and then;
  Thus can my unconfined eye
Take journey and return again,
  Yet on her crystal couch still lie.

EDMUND PRESTWICH,

Author of "Hippolitus, translated out of Seneca, together "with divers other poems," 1651, 12mo. Langbaine, who mentions this work, professes never to have seen it.

THE METEOR.

[From 9 stanzas.]

Did you behold that glorious star, my dear,
Which shin'd but now, methought, as bright
As any other child of light,
And seem'd to have as good an interest there?
How suddenly it fell, our eyes
Pursuing it through all the spacious skies,
Through which the now extended flame
Had chalk'd the way to earth, from whence it came?

And were you not with wonder struck, to see
Those forms, which the creation had
At first in number perfect made,
Thus sometimes more, and sometimes less to be?

Or rather, in this second birth,
To see heaven copied out so near by earth,
As, were it not for their own fall,
We should not know which were th' original?

Fair one, these different lights do represent
Such as pretend unto the love
Of you, of which some meteors prove,
Some stars; some high-fix'd in love's firmament,
And some, that seem as bright and fair,
More basely humble, hover in the air
Of words, and with fine dexterous art,
Do act a passion never touch'd their heart.

Yet these false glow-worm fires a while do shine
Equal to the most heaven-born flame,
And so well counterfeit the same,
That they, though almost beastly, seem divine.
But should some blind unlucky chance
Deform you any ways, or make your wants
Vie greatness with your beauty, then
They drop to their own element again.

* * * * *

BIRMINGHAM

A REMEDY AGAINST LOVE.

[From 8 stanzas.]

If thou like her flowing tresses
  Which the unshorn Phœbus stain,
Think what grief thy heart oppresses,
  And how every curl's a chain,
Only made to keep thee fast
Till thy sentence be o'erpast.

If thou'rt wounded by her eyes
  Where thou thinkest Cupids lie,
Think thyself the sacrifice,
  Those the priests that make thee die:
If her forehead beauteous show,
Think her forehead Cupid's bow.

If the roses thou hast seen
  In her cheek still flourishing
Argue that there dwells within
  A calm and perpetual spring,
Though she never us'd deceit,
Believe all is counterfeit.

If her tempting voice have power
  To amaze and ravish thee,

Syrens sung but to devour,
  Yet they sung as well as she.
O beware those poison'd tongues,
That carry death in [all] their songs!

But if virtue please thee most,
  And thou like her beauteous mind,
Then I give thee o'er for lost:
  There no remedy I find:
Yet, if she be virtuous, then
Sure she will not murther men.

HENRY VAUGHAN,

Called *the Silurist*, from that part of Wales whose inhabitants were the ancient SILURES, was born on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, and entered in 1638 at Jesus College, Oxford, being then 17. He was designed for the law, but retiring to his home at the commencement of the civil wars, became eminent in the practice of physic, and was esteemed by scholars (says Wood) *an ingenious person, but proud and humorous.* He died in 1695. A list of his works may be seen in the Athen. Ox. Vol. II. p. 926, 7. The principal are the "Silex Scintillans" (sacred poems), second edition, 1655, 12mo. and "Olor Iscanus, a collec- "tion of some select poems and translations," 1651, 12mo. from the latter of which the following lines are taken, being perhaps, the most favourable specimen that can be selected, though even these are too much marked by quaintness and conceit.

To the best and most accomplished Couple.

[Abridged from 38 lines.]

BLESSINGS as rich and fragrant crown your heads
As the mild heaven on roses sheds,
When at their cheeks, like pearls, they wear
The clouds that court them in a tear.

And may they be fed from above
By him which first ordain'd your love!

Fresh as the hours may all your pleasures be,
And healthful as eternity!
Sweet as the flower's first breath, and close
As th' unseen spreadings of the rose,
When he unfolds his curtain'd head,
And makes his bosom the sun's bed.

* * * * *

Like the day's warmth may all your comforts be,
Untoil'd for, and serene as he;
Yet free and full, as is that sheaf
Of sun-beams gilding every leaf,
When now the tyrant heat expires
And his cool'd locks breathe milder fires.

* * * * *

RICHARD FLECKNO.

" He was," says Langbaine, " as famous as any in his age for " indifferent metre ;" and adds " his acquaintance with the " nobility was more than with the muses." He is said to have been originally a Jesuit, and was the author of five dramatic pieces: but is less indebted to them than to the satire of Dryden for the celebrity of his name. Farther particulars may be met with in Langbaine and the Biogr. Dram. The following specimens are taken from his " Miscellania," &c. London, 1653. 12mo.

THE ANT.

Little think'st thou, poor ant, who there
With so much toil, and so much time
A grain or two to th' cell dost bear,
There's greater work i' th' world than thine.

* * * * *

Nor is 't such wonder now in *thee*,
No more of th' world nor things dost know,
That all thy thoughts o' th' ground should be,
And mind on things so poor and low.

But that *man* so base mind should bear,
To fix it on a clod of ground,
As there no greater business were,
Nor greater worlds for to be found!

He so much of the man does want
As metamorphos'd quite again,
Whilst thou'rt but man turn'd groveling ant,
Such grovelers seem but ants turn'd men.

Extempore in praise of drinking Wine.

The fountains drink caves subterrene,
The rivulets drink the fountains dry;
Brooks drink those rivulets again,
And them some river gliding by.
Until some gulph o' th' sea drink them,
And th' ocean drinks up that again.

Of th' ocean then does drink the sky,
When, having brew'd it into rain,
The earth with drink it does supply,
And plants do drink up that again.
When turn'd to liquor in the vine,
'Tis our turn next to drink the wine.

By this who does not plainly see,
How down our throats at once is hurl'd
(Whilst merrily we drinking be)
The quintessence of all the world?
Whilst all drink then in land, air, sea,
Let us too drink as well as they.

INVOCATION OF SILENCE.

STILL-born silence! thou that art
Flood-gate of the deeper heart!
* * * * *
Secrecy's confident, and he
Who makes religion mystery!
Admiration's speaking'st tongue!
Leave, thy desart shades among,
Reverend hermits' hallowed cells,
Where retir'd devotion dwells!
With thy enthusiasms come,
Seize our tongues, and strike us dumb!

MATTHEW STEVENSON,

Author of "Poems, or a miscellany of Sonnets, Satyrs, "Drollery, Panegyricks, Elegies, &c." London, 1673, 12mo. a book which sometimes occurs with the title of "Norfolk "Drollery;" and in 1685 was called "the Wits, in Poems "and Songs on various Occasions." A different volume of "Poems by Matthew Stevenson," appeared in 1665, and "Bellum Presbyteriale," an heroic poem, in 1661. In 1654, he printed a 12mo. miscellany, styled "Occa- "sion's Offspring." Stevenson seems to have resembled Fleckno as a poet and publisher. The following song (from the first-mentioned) is tolerable.

CAROLINA.

SONG.

SHOULD I sigh out my days in grief,
And, as my beads, count miseries,
My wound would meet with no relief
For all the balsam of my eyes:
I'll therefore set my heart at rest,
And of bad market make the best.

Some set their hearts on winged wealth,
  Others to honour's towers aspire;
But give me freedom and my health,
  And there's the sum of my desire;
If all the world should pay me rent,
It would not add to my content.

There is no fence against our fate,
  Eve's daughters all are born to sorrow;
Vicissitudes upon us wait
  That laugh to-day, and lour to-morrow.
Why should we then, with wrinkled care,
Deface what nature made so fair?

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

SONNET.

[From Sam. Pecke's "Festum Voluptatis, or Banquet of "Pleasure," 1639, 4to.]

YOUNG men fly, when beauty darts
Amorous glances at your hearts:
The fix'd mark gives the shooter aim,
And ladies' looks have power to maim:
Now 'twixt their lips, now in their eyes,
Wrapt in a kiss, or smile, love lies.
Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.

THE BAG OF THE BEE.

From "Wit a sporting in a pleasant Grove of new Fancies," collected by H. B. 1657.

[This is also to be found in Herrick's poems, and ought to have been inserted amongst the extracts from that author.]

About the sweet bag of a bee
Two Cupids fell at odds:
And whose the pretty prize should be
They vow'd to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them,
And, taking from them each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still the wantons' cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kiss'd, and wip'd their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

[From " Wit restored," a poetical miscellany, 1658, 12mo.]

I'll tell you whence the rose did first grow red,
And whence the lilly whiteness borrowed.
You blush'd; and then the rose with red was dight:
The lilly kist your hands; and so came white:
Before that time the rose was but a stain,
The lilly nought but paleness did contain.
You have the native colour! these—they die;
And only flourish in your livery!

PHILLADA FLOUTS ME.

[From the same Collection.]

Oh! what a pain is love;
How shall I bear it?
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind,
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind,
As a ship that saileth;

Please her the best I may,
She looks another way;
Alack and well-a-day!
Phillada flouts me!

All the fair yesterday
She did pass by me;
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her.
Will had her to the wine;
He might entreat her.
With Daniel she did dance,
On me she look'd askance,
Oh! thrice unhappy chance!
Phillada flouts me!

Fair maid! be not so coy,
Do not disdain me;
I am my mother's joy,
Sweet! entertain me!
She'll give me, when she dies,
All that is fitting;
Her poultry, and her bees,
And her geese sitting;

A pair of mattrass beds,
And a bag full of shreds;
And yet for all this goods
Phillada flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine,
Wrought with good *Coventry*,
Which she keeps for a sign
Of my fidelity.
But i' faith, if she flinch,
She shall not wear it;
To Tibb, my t' other wench,
I mean to bear it.
And yet it grieves my heart
So soon from her to part!
Death strikes me with his dart!
Phillada flouts me!

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
All the year lasting;
And drink the crystal stream,
Pleasant in tasting:
Wigge and whey, whilst thou burst,
And ramble-berry,
Pye-lid and pasty-crust,
Pears, plumbs, and cherry;

Thy raiment shall be thin,
Made of a weaver's skin.—
Yet, all's not worth a pin!
Phillada flouts me!

Fair maidens, have a care,
And in time take me;
I can have those as fair,
If you forsake me:
For Doll the dairy-maid
Laugh'd on me lately,
And wanton Winifred
Favours me greatly.
One throws milk on my clothes,
T' other plays with my nose:
What wanton signs are those?
Phillada flouts me!

I cannot work and sleep
All at a season;
Love wounds my heart so deep,
Without all reason.
I 'gin to pine away,
With grief and sorrow,
Like to a fatted beast
Penn'd in a meadow.

I shall be dead, I fear,
Within this thousand year,
And all for very fear!
Phillada flouts me!

SONG.

[From "the British Miscellany," where it is stated to be copied from an ancient MS.]

Poor Chloris wept, and from her eyes
The liquid tears ran trickling down;
(Such melting drops might well suffice
To pay a ransom for a crown)
And as she wept, she sighing said,
"Alas for me, unhappy maid,
"That by my folly am betray'd!

"But when those eyes (unhappy eyes!)
"Met with the object of my woe,
"Methought our souls did sympathize,
"And it was death to hear a *no*.
"He woo'd; I granted; then befell
"My shame, which I do shame to tell:—
"O that I had not lov'd so well!

" And had I been so wise as not
" T' have yielded up my virgin fort;
" My name had been without a blot,
" And thwarted th' envy of report.
" But now, my shame hath made me be
" A butt for time to point at me,
" And but a mark of misery.

" But now, in sorrow must I sit,
" And pensive thoughts possess my breast;
" My silly soul with cares is split,
" And grief denies me wonted rest.
" Come then, black night, and screen me round,
" That I may never more be found,
" Unless in tears of sorrow drown'd!"

[*From an old MS. in Mr. Lloyd's Collection.*]

Ye nimble dreams, with cobweb wings,
That fly by night from brain to brain,
And represent a world of things,
With much ado and little pain!

You, that find out the shortest ways
Through every cranny, hole, or wall,

That no perdues your passing stays,
Nor jealousy, that catcheth all!

You visit ladies in their beds,
And are so lusty in their ease,
You put fine fancies in their heads!
You make them think on what you please!

How highly am I bound to ye,
Safe messengers of secrecy,
That make my mistress think on me
Just in the place where I would be.

Oh! would I might myself prefer,
To be in place of one of you!
Not for to visit, but serve her,
That she may swear the dream was true.

UPON HIS MISTRESS'S INCONSTANCY.

[From the same MS.]

Thou art pretty, but inconstant,
Too, too lovely to be true!
Thine affections, in an instant,
Struggle which shall first be new:

This and that, and here and there,
Only in thy thoughts appear.

Thou art weary, thou art wavering,
Coy, and in a while as kind;
All thy passions, in a turning,
Shift as often as the wind.
To and fro, and up and down;
Change doth all thy actions crown.

But to me thou ne'er art chang'd
In thy wonted cruelty!
Still from me thou keeps estrang'd;
There's thy only constancy.
Oh then, let thy next change be
From neglect to love of me!

If in that mind I could find thee,
I would hold thee fast enow.
This should be my trick to bind thee:
Change I would as oft as you.
Then, by my example taught,
Thou shouldst see that change is naught.

CUPID AND THE CLOWN.

[From the same MS.]

A copy of this, with some variations, is printed in " Wit " restored."

As Cupid took his bow and bolt,
Some birding sport to find,
He chanced on a country swain
Which was some yeoman's hind.

Clown. " Well met, fair boy! what sport abroad?
" It is a goodly day;
" The birds will sit this frosty morn,
" You cannot choose but slay.

" Gadzooks! your eyes are both put out!
" You will not bird, I trow?
" Alas, go home, or else I think
" The birds will laugh at you."

Cupid. " Why man, thou dost deceive thyself,
" Or else my mother lies,
" Who said, altho' that I were blind,
" My arrows should have eyes."

Clown. " Why then thy mother is a fool,
" And thou art but an elf,
" To let thy arrows to have eyes
" And go without, thyself."

Cupid. " Not so, sir swain, but hold thy prate;
" If I do take a shaft
" I'll make thee ken what I can do!"
(With that the ploughman laugh'd.)

Then angry Cupid drew his bow.
Clown. " For God's sake slay me not!"
Cupid. " I'll make thy lither liver ake."
Clown. " Nay! I'll be loth of that!"

The stinging arrow hit the mark,
And pierc'd his silly soul:
You might know by his hollow eyes
Where love had made a hole.

And so the clown wen bleeding home;
(To stay it was no boot)
And found, that he could see to *hit*,
That could not see to *shoot*.

TO THE MOON.

[From an old MS.]

THOU silent moon, that look'st so pale,
So much exhausted, and so faint,
Wandering over hill and dale,
Watching oft the kneeling saint—
Hearing his groans float on the gale—
No wonder thou art tir'd and pale.

Yet I have often seen thee bring
Thy beams o'er yon bare mountain's steep;
Then, with a smile, their lustre fling
Full on the dark and roaring deep;
When the pilgrim's heart did fail,
And when near lost the tossing sail.

Sure, that passing blush deceives;
For thou, fair nymph, art chaste and cold!
Love *our* bosoms seldom leaves;
But thou art of a different mould.
Hail, chaste queen! for ever hail!
And, prithee, look not quite so pale!

Yet stay—perhaps thou 'st travell'd far,
Exulting in thy conscious light;

Till, as I fear, some youthful star
Hath spread his charms before thy sight;
And, when he found his arts prevail,
He left thee, sickening, faint, and pale.

THE OWL.

[Said to be from Cervantes. Anonymous from an old MS.]

WHILE the moon, with sudden gleam,
Through the clouds that cover her,
Darts her light upon the stream,
And the poplars gently stir,
Pleas'd I hear thy boding cry!
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
Sure, thy notes are harmony!

While the maiden, pale with care,
Wanders to the lonely shade,
Sighs her sorrows to the air,
While the flowerets round her fade,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To her it is not harmony!

While the wretch, with mournful dole,
Wrings his hands in agony,
Praying for his brother's soul,
Whom he pierced suddenly,—
Shrinks to hear thy boding cry,—
Owl, that lov'st the cloudy sky,
To him it is not harmony.

INCONSTANCY REPROVED.

[Vide "a choice Collection of comic and serious Scots "Poems, both ancient and modern, in three parts," Edinburgh. Watson. 1709—1711. And "the Hive," (4 small volumes of songs) frequently printed before the middle of the last century. I can at present produce no earlier authorities, though the copy given in the former edition of this work was taken, I believe, from some more ancient miscellany. However, from the internal evidence of style and sentiment, I have no difficulty in referring this poem to the reign of Charles I.]

I DO confess thou 'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak, had power to move thee;
But I can let thee now alone
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou 'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth every thing it meets.
And since thou canst with more than one,
Thou 'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briars, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while!
Like sere-flowers to be thrown aside,
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

The following piece properly belongs to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, but was not received till the present volume was nearly printed.

It is extracted from a very small and extremely scarce miscellany called "a Handful of Pleasant Delites, containing "sundrie new sonets and delectable histories in divers "kinds of meeter, &c. &c. by Clement Robinson and divers "others." London, printed by Richard Jhones, &c. 1584.

It is inserted because the *tune* at least appears to have acquired an extraordinary degree of popularity in the time of Shakspeare, (see Merry Wives of Windsor, Act ii. Sc. 1, and Act v. Sc. 5,) and because the ballad contains some particulars respecting female dress and manners during the sixteenth century, which may appear curious to the poetical antiquary.

A new courtly Sonet, of the Lady Greensleeves, to the new tune of "Greensleeves."

GREENSLEEVES was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight:
Greensleeves was my hart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves.

Alas, my love, ye do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously:
And I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company!
Greensleeves, &c,

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave:
I have both waged life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee kerchers to thy head,
That were wrought fine and gallantly:
I kept thee, both at board and bed,
Which cost my purse well-favour'dly.
Greensleeves, &c.

I bought thee petticoats of the best,
The cloth so fine as fine might be:
I gave thee jewels for thy chest;
And all this cost I spent on thee.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy smock of silk both fair and white,
With gold embroider'd gorgeously:
Thy petticoat of *sendall*[1] right;
And this I bought thee gladly.
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy girdle of gold so red,
With pearls bedecked sumptuously,

[1] A thin silk. See Du Cange, voce *cendalum*.

The like no other lasses had:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy purse, and eke thy gay gilt knives,
Thy pin-case, gallant to the eye:
No better wore the burgess' wives:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy crimson stockings, all of silk,
With gold all wrought above the knee;
Thy pumps, as white as was the milk:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy gown was of the grassy green,
Thy sleeves of satin hanging by;
Which made thee be our harvest queen:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thy garters fringed with the gold,
And silver *aglets*[1] hanging by;
Which made thee blithe for to behold:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

[1] Aiglets; aiguillette, a lace with tags.

My gayest gelding I thee gave,
To ride wherever liked thee:
No lady ever was so brave:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

My men were clothed all in green,
And they did ever wait on thee;
All this was gallant to be seen:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

They set thee up, they took thee down,
They serv'd thee with humility;
Thy foot might not once touch the ground:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

For every morning, when thou rose,
I sent thee dainties, orderly;
To cheer thy stomach from all woes:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Thou couldst desire no earthly thing,
But still thou hadst it readily.

Thy music, still to play and sing:
And yet thou wouldest not love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

And who did pay for all this gear,
That thou didst spend when pleased thee?
Even I that am rejected here,
And thou disdainest to love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Well! I will pray to God on high,
That thou my constancy mayst see,
And that, yet once before I die,
Thou wilt vouchsafe to love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Greensleeves, now farewel! adieu!
God I pray to prosper thee!
For I am still thy lover true:
Come once again and love me!
Greensleeves, &c.

Charles II.

CHARLES II.

"The restoration of royalty" (says lord Orford) "brought back the arts, not taste. Charles II. "had a turn to mechanics, none to the politer "sciences—he was too indolent even to amuse "himself. He introduced the fashions of the "court of France, without its elegance. He had "seen Louis XIV. countenance Corneille, Moliere, "Boileau, le Sueur, who, forming themselves on "the models of the ancients, seemed by the purity "of their writings to have studied only in Sparta. "Charles found as much genius at home; but "how licentious, how indelicate was the style "he permitted or demanded!—The sectaries, in "opposition to the king, had run into the ex-"treme against politeness: the new court, to in-"demnify themselves, and mark aversion to their "rigid adversaries, took the other extreme. Ele-"gance and delicacy were the point from which "both sides started different ways; and taste was "as little sought by the men of wit, as by those "who called themselves the men of God."

These remarks, though applied to a reign which

has been immortalized by Dryden, and which produced the Paradise Lost of Milton, and the Hudibras of Butler, are certainly just. The detection of much political and religious hypocrisy gradually produced an indifference to the cause of real piety and virtue; and the morality imported from France by the king and his courtiers was scarcely worth the carriage. Of wit they had enough, and perhaps more than enough; for gaiety was the business of their lives, not a relaxation; but their manners wanted dignity, and even decency, and this want is generally observable in their literature.

Dr. Johnson, in his criticisms on the smaller poems of lord Rochester, has described nearly all the similar productions of his time.

"As he cannot be supposed to have found "leisure for any course of continued study, his "pieces are commonly short, such as one fit of "resolution would produce.

"His songs have no particular character: they "tell, like other songs, of scorn and kindness, dis- "mission and desertion, absence and inconstancy, "with the common places of artificial courtship. "They are commonly smooth and easy; but have "little nature, and little sentiment."

ROBERT BARON

Was born in 1630, and received his education at Cambridge, after which he became a member of Gray's Inn. At the age of 17 he published a novel called the "Cyprian "Academy," 8vo. in which he introduced two dramatic pieces of his own composition, and in his riper age (says the editor of the Biographia Dramatica) wrote the tragedy of "Mirza." He was also the author of a collection of poems called "Pocula Castalia," 1650, 12mo. in which whatever is poetical, appears to be pilfered from other writers. In the following he has borrowed largely from Milton's Comus. Baron was the friend and correspondent of James Howell.

EPITHALAMIUM.

MIRTH, and nuptial joys betide
The happy bridegroom, and fair bride!
Sol hath quench'd his glowing beam
In the cool Atlantic stream:
Now there shines no tell-tale sun;
Hymen's rites are to be done:
Now love's revels 'gin to keep;
What have you to do with sleep?
You have sweeter sweets to prove;
Lovely Venus wakes, and love.—

Goddess of nocturnal sport,
Always keep thy jocund court
In this loving couple's arms!
(O that my prayers might prove charms!)
Goddess of the marriage feast,
Here approach at our request,
Saturnia! whose car I saw
A harness'd team of peacocks draw
Fiercely through the fleeting sky,
Wherein sat thy majesty.
On thee did an host attend
Of bright goddesses.—Descend
From that chariot, and bless
Julia's womb with fruitfulness!
Make her, when nine months be run,
Mother of a lovely son;
Let every year the queen of love
Her new-fill'd cradle rock and move.
Mirth and nuptial joys betide
The happy bridegroom and fair bride.

APHRA BEHN.

The very curious life of this lady, who was generally and justly admired for her beauty, her wit, and her accomplishments, is to be found at large in Cibber, Vol. III. and the Biographia Dramatica, where she is mentioned as the writer of no less than 17 plays, besides several novels, poems, &c. The time of her birth is not accurately known, though it was during the reign of Charles I. She died in 1689.

SONG.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
While bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd:
From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desire,
Enough t' inflame the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty,
From me his languishment and fears,
And ev'ry killing dart from thee.

Thus thou and I, the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

CHARLES COTTON

Was born at Beresford in Staffordshire, 1630. He received his education at Cambridge, and afterwards travelled: was twice married; had several children; resided principally at his family seat; and died in 1687. A curious anecdote is related of him in the Biog. Dramat.

This pleasing and elegant author was chiefly distinguished by his "Virgil Travestie," and other burlesque translations, and in this style of writing was considered as only inferior to Butler. Vide Shiell's (commonly called Cibber's) Lives of the Poets. His "Complete Angler," republished by Sir John Hawkins together with that of Isaac Walton, is also a deservedly popular performance. The following pieces are extracted from his "Poems on several Occasions," octavo, 1689.

TO CHLORIS.

[From 58 lines.]

Lord! how you take upon you still!
How you crow and domineer!
How! still expect to have your will,
And carry the dominion clear,
As you were still the same that once you were!

Fie, Chloris, 'tis a gross mistake,
Correct your error, and be wise;

I kindly still your kindness take,
But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
Your froward humours to despise,
And now disdain to call them cruelties.

I was a fool whilst you were fair,
And I had youth t' excuse it;
And all the rest are so that lovers are:
I then myself your vassal sware,
And could be still so (which is rare),
* * * * *
But on condition that you not abuse it.

'Tis beauty that to woman-kind
Gives all the rule and sway;
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey.

* * * * *

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more rebellious heart than mine;
For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a subject still:
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine.

Your beauties, sweet, are in their height,
And I must still adore;

New years new graces still create,
Nay, maugre time, mischance, and fate,
You in your very ruins shall have more
Than all the beauties that have grac'd the world
before.

[*Extract from "Contentation," (32 stanzas) addressed to Isaac Walton.*]

* * * * *

O SENSELESS man, that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know
(Even though he might enjoy his will)
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness, to be
By undiscerning fortune plac'd
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare;
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

* * * * *

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair;
Mirrors, with every breath made dim,
Birds, caught in every wanton snare.

* * * * *

'Tis contentation, that alone
Can make us happy here below;
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to heaven too.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

* * * * *

SONG.

[From 4 stanzas.]

PRITHEE, why so angry, sweet?
'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain;
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,
And kiss it to a smile again.

* * * * *

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sin with a pretence;
Through that sweet chiding blush there breaks
So fair, so bright an innocence.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire
That eyes, dress'd in an angry shape,
Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

LAURA SLEEPING.

ODE.

[From 6 stanzas.]

WINDS, whisper gently whilst she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings,
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet-unrivall'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace,
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
With such a gale as wings soft love;
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lover's sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning's door;
Sweet, as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the spring's enamell'd floor.

* * * * *

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

[From 140 lines.]

How uneasy is his life,
Who is troubled with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind, with arms enfolding,
Be she cross, and always scolding,
Be she blithe, or melancholy,
Have she wit, or have she folly,
Be she wary, be she squandering,
Be she staid, or be she wandering,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she ickle;
Be she pious, or ungodly,
Be she chaste, or what sounds oddly:
Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she saint, or be she devil,—
Yet, uneasy is his life
Who is married to a wife.

* * * * *

LAURA WEEPING.

ODE.

[From 8 stanzas.]

CHASTE, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
  Drooping with sorrow from her bed;
As with ungentle showers the rose,
  O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head.

With a dejected look and pace
  Neglectingly she 'gan appear:
When, meeting with her tell-tale glass,
  She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet sorrow dress'd in such a look,
  As love would trick to catch desire;
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
  Character'd with clandestine fire.

* * * * *

Then a full shower of pearly dew
  Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew
  Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

So have I seen the springing morn
  In dark and humid vapours clad,
Not to eclipse, but to adorn
  Her glories by that conquer'd shade.

Spare, Laura, spare those beauty's twins,
  Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for others' sins,
  Thou know'st not any of thine own.

Then let them shine forth, to declare
  The sweet serenity within.
May each day of thy life be fair,
  And to eclipse one hour be sin!

MARTIN LLUELLYN

Is mentioned by Winstanley as having been bred a student at Christ-church, and having practised physic. According to Wood (Fasti, Vol. II. p. 163) he took the degree of M. D. in 1653. His poem called "Men-Miracles," was published, with a few smaller pieces, in 1656, 12mo. The work is a good satire on travellers, written in what is now called Hudibrastic verse.

SONG.

CELIA IN LOVE.

I FELT my heart, and found a flame,
That for relief and shelter came;
I entertain'd the treacherous guest,
And gave it welcome in my breast.
Poor Celia! whither wilt thou go?
To cool in streams, or freeze in snow?
Or gentle zephyrus intreat
To chill thy flames, and fan thy heat?
Perhaps a taper's fading beams
May die in air, or quench in streams;

But love is a mysterious fire,
Nor can in air or ice expire:
Nor will this phœnix be suppress
But with the ruin of his nest.

JOHN DRYDEN.

Born, 1631: died, 1701. From the works of this admirable poet the following specimen is selected, because it seems to have escaped the notice of former collectors, though written with all the characteristic fire and spirit of its author.

The Invocation of the Ghost of Laius by Tiresias.

[From the Tragedy of Œdipus.]

Tir. Choose the darkest part o' th' grove;
Such as ghosts at noon-day love.
Dig a trench, and dig it nigh
Where the bones of Laius lie:
Altars rais'd of turf or stone
Will th' infernal powers have none.—
Answer me, if this be done.
Chor. 'Tis done.

Tir. Is the sacrifice made fit?—
Draw her backward to the pit;
Draw the barren heifer back:
Barren let her be, and black.

Cut the curled hair that grows
Full betwixt her horns and brows:
And turn your faces from the sun.—
Answer me, if this be done?

Chor. 'Tis done.

Tir. Pour in blood, and blood-like wine,
To mother earth and Proserpine;
Mingle milk into the stream;
Feast the ghosts that love the steam:
Snatch a brand from funeral pile;
Toss it in to make them boil:
And turn your faces from the sun.—
Answer me, if all be done?

Chor. All is done.

SONG.

1. Hear, ye sullen powers, below!
Hear, ye taskers of the dead!
2. You that boiling cauldrons blow!
You that scum the molten lead!
3. You that pinch with red-hot tongs!
1. You that drive the trembling hosts
Of poor poor ghosts
With your sharpen'd prongs!
2. You that thrust them off the brim!
You that plunge them when they swim!

1. 'Till they drown;
'Till they go
On a row
Down, down, down,
Ten thousand, thousand, thousand fathoms low.
Chor. 'Till they drown, &c.

1. Music for a while
Shall your cares beguile:
Wondering how your pains were eas'd!
2. And disdaining to be pleas'd!
3. 'Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands;
'Till the snakes drop from her head,
And whip from out her hands.
Come away,
Do not stay,
But obey
While we play,
For hell's broke up, and ghosts have holy-day.
Chor. Come away, &c.
1. Laius! 2. Laius! 3. Laius!
1. Hear! 2. Hear! 3. Hear!
Tir. Hear and appear!
By the fates that spun thy thread!
Chor. Which are three—
Tir. By the furies fierce and dread!

Chor. Which are three—
Tir. By the judges of the dead!
Chor. Which are three—
Three times three—
Tir. By hell's blue flame!
By the Stygian lake!
And by Demogorgon's name
At which ghosts quake!
Hear and appear!

JOHN COLLOP, M. D.

His productions were printed by himself, with the arrogant title of "Poesis Redeviva, or Poesie Revived." London, 1656, 12mo. How far this rhyming physician promoted the revival of the Muses, will best appear by the following specimen.

ON A RETIRED LADY.

Spring of beauty, mine of pleasure,
Why so like a miser treasure?
Or a richer jewel set
In a viler cabinet?
Virtue and vice
Know but one price;
Seem both allied;
Ne'er distinguish'd if ne'er tried.

The sun's as fair, as bright as you,
And yet expos'd to public view:
Who, if envious grown, or proud,
He masks his beauty in a cloud,

* * * * *

The wind and rain
Him back again
In sighs and tears
Woo, till smiling he appears.

Ceruse nor Stibium can prevail,
No art repairs where age makes fail.
Then, Euphormia, be not still
A prisoner to a fonder will;
Nor let's in vain
Thus nature blame,
'Cause she confines
To barren grounds the richer mines.

SIR JOHN MENNIS,

AND DR. JAMES SMITH.

These gentlemen were joint authors of a 12mo. volume, twice published in 1655 and 1656, under the title of "Musarum "Deliciæ," from whence the subsequent fanciful little poem is extracted.

The former was born in 1598, and died in 1670. Having studied at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, for some years, he became equally remarkable for the versatility of his talents, and the variety of his occupations. We find him successively a militia officer, commander of a troop of horse, captain of a ship, vice admiral, governor of Dover Castle, and chief comptroller of the Navy. Besides being a great traveller, and singularly well versed in marine affairs, and ship building, Wood tells us he was "an honest and stout "man, generous and religious, and well skilled in physic "and chymistry." To complete all, he was *poetically given*, and is said not only to have assisted Suckling in his compositions, but to have ridiculed him and his runaway troop, in a well-known ballad. (Vide Percy, Vol. II. p. 327, 4th edit.)

Smith was born about 1604, educated at Christ Church and Lincoln Colleges, in Oxford; afterwards chaplain at sea to H. lord Holland, and domestic chaplain to Tho. lord Cleveland; and amongst other preferments, on his Majesty's return, became canon and chaunter in Exeter cathedral. In 1661 he took the degree of D. D. and died in 1667. In "Wit restored," a miscellany already quoted, many of his pieces are to be met with.

KING OBERON'S APPAREL.

[From 78 lines.]

WHEN the monthly-horned queen
Grew jealous, that the stars had seen
Her rising from Endymion's arms,
In rage she throws her misty charms
Into the bosom of the night,
To dim their curious prying light.

Then did the dwarfish fairy elves
(Having first attir'd themselves)
Prepare to dress their Oberon king
In highest robes for revelling:
In a *cob-web* shirt, more thin
Than ever spider since could spin,
Bleach'd by the whiteness of the snow,
As the stormy winds did blow
It in the vast and freezing air:
No shirt half so fine, so fair.

A rich waistcoat they did bring
Made of the *trout-fly*'s gilded wing.

* * * * *

The outside of his doublet was
Made of the four-leav'd *true-love grass:*

* * * * *

On every seam there was a lace
Drawn by the unctuous snail's slow trace;
To it the purest silver thread
Compar'd did look like dull pale lead.
Each button was a sparkling eye
Ta'en from the speckled adder's fry,
Which in a gloomy night, and dark,
Twinkled like a fiery spark:
And, for coolness, next his skin,
'Twas with white *poppy* lin'd within.

* * * * *

A rich mantle he did wear
Made of tinsel *gossamer;*
Be-starred over with a few
Diamond drops of morning dew.

His cap was all of *ladies'-love;*
So passing light, that it did move,
If any humming gnat or fly
But buzz'd the air in passing by.
About it was a wreath of pearl,
Dropp'd from the eyes of some poor girl,

Pinch'd, because she had forgot
To leave fair water in the pot;
And, for feather, he did wear
Old Nisus' fatal purple hair.

The sword they girded on his thigh,
Was smallest blade of finest *rye*.

A pair of buskins they did bring,
Of the *cow-lady*'s coral wing,
Powder'd o'er with spots of jet,
And lin'd with purple *violet*.
His belt was made of *myrtle* leaves,
Plaited in small curious threaves,
Beset with amber *cowslip* studs,
And fring'd about with *daisy buds*;
In which his bugle horn was hung,
Made of the babbling echo's tongue;
Which, set unto his moon-burn'd lip,
He winds, and then his fairies skip.
At that the lazy dawn 'gan sound,
And each did trip a fairy round.

THOMAS FLATMAN.

This poet is a miserable imitator of Cowley. He was born about 1635, and died in 1688. Of the three following extracts, the first is in the best style of his poetry; the second a specimen of his wit; and the third is remarkable from its having been imitated by Mr. Pope, in his Ode of "the "Dying Christian."

Flatman was educated at Winchester School, and New College, Oxford, and becoming afterwards a barrister of the Inner Temple, neglected the law to pursue his inclination to painting and poetry.

"Some of his tasteless contemporaries (says Dr. Grainger) "thought him equally excellent in both; but one of his "heads is worth a ream of his pindarics, I had almost "said, all the pindarics written in this reign. He really "excelled as an artist: a man must want an ear for har- "mony, that can admire his poetry, and even want eyes "that can cease to admire his painting." Notwithstanding, the duke of Ormond was so pleased with Flatman's Ode on the death of his son, the earl of Ossory, that he sent him a diamond ring worth 100*l.*; and Phillips, by no means an indiscriminate panegyrist, commends his ingenuity in poetry as well as painting. The fourth edition of his poems appeared in 1686. Vide Wood Ath. Vol. II. p. 825, and Walpole's Anecdotes of Painting in England.

SONG.

The Renegado.

REMOV'D from fair Urania's eyes
Into a village far away,
Fond Astrophil began to say:
" Thy charms, Urania, I despise:
" Go, bid some other shepherd for thee die,
" That never understood thy tyranny!"

Return'd at length, the amorous swain,
Soon as he saw his deity,
Ador'd again and bow'd his knee,
Became her slave, and wore her chain.
The needle thus, that motionless did lie,
Trembles and moves when the lov'd loadstone's nigh.

SONG.

How happy a thing were a wedding,
And a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife
For a twelvemonth and a day;

But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for aye;
Till she grow as grey as a cat,—
Good faith, Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

SONG.

A Thought of Death.

[From 20 lines.]

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,——

* * * * *

Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!

* * * * *

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY

Was born about 1639, entered at Wadham College, Oxford, 1656, where he spent only a short time, lived in retirement during Cromwell's usurpation, and coming to court after the restoration, soon distinguished himself by superior wit and debauchery amongst the witty and profligate companions of Charles II. His conduct in parliament shewed that he possessed in an equal degree the talents necessary for serious business. He was the author of six plays, and of a volume of poems, and died in 1701.

PHILLIS, let's shun the common fate,
And let our love ne'er turn to hate.
I'll doat no longer than I can,
Without being call'd a faithless man.
When we begin to want discourse,
And kindness seems to taste of force,
As freely as we met we'll part;
Each one possess'd of their own heart.
Thus whilst rash fools themselves undo,
We'll game, and give off savers too.
So equally the match we'll make,
Each shall be glad to draw the stake:

A smile of thine shall make my bliss,
I will enjoy thee in a kiss.
If from this height our kindness fall,
We'll bravely scorn to love at all.
If thy affection first decay,
I will the blame on nature lay.
Alas! what cordial can remove
The hasty fate of dying love?
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving and in parting well.

SONG.

Not, Celia, that I juster am
  Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
  Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
  By every thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
  Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
  In thy dear self I find;

For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

TO CHLORIS.

CHLORIS, I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprise;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace;
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part, injustice were.

No drowning man can know which drop
Of water his last breath did stop:
So when the stars in heaven appear,
And join to make the night look clear,
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.

He that doth lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more:
But I love all, and every part,
And nothing less can ease my heart.
Cupid that lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

INDIFFERENCE EXCUSED.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
  Of sighs, nor oaths, to make it known:
And, to convince the cruell'st maid,
  Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 'twill steal,
  And he that most would hide his flame,
Does in that case his pain reveal:
  Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
  The paths that common lovers tread,
Whose guilty passions are begun
  Not in their heart, but in their head.

I could not sigh, and with cross'd arms
Accuse your rigour, and my fate;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore, and women hate;

But careless liv'd, and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spied;
And thinking it a foolish part,
To set to shew, what none can hide.

TO A DEVOUT YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

PHILLIS, this early zeal assuage!
You overact your part:
The martyrs, at your tender age,
Gave heaven but half their heart.

Old men, till past the pleasure, ne'er
Declaim against the sin:
'Tis early to begin to fear
The devil at fifteen.

The world to youth is too severe,
And, like a treacherous light,
Beauty the actions of the fair
Exposes to their sight.

And yet this world, as old as 'tis,
Is oft deceiv'd by 't too:
Kind combinations seldom miss;
Let's try what we can do.

SONG.

GET you gone—you will undo me—
If you love me, don't pursue me!
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish!

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd love enter'd in;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, and full of play.

At every hour, in every place,
I either saw, or form'd your face:
All that in plays was finely writ,
Fancy for you and me did fit.

My dreams at night were all of you,
Such as, till then, I never knew.
I sported thus with young desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun;
You found me harmless—leave me so!
For, were I not, you'd leave me too.

SONG.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose:
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost,
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,

Rivals and falsehood soon appear,
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joys they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

SONG.

Fair Amynta, art thou mad,
To let the world in me
Envy joys I never had,
And censure them in thee?

Fill'd with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise;
And to love's true enjoyments haste,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does easy souls despise
Who lose themselves for toys,
And escape for those devise
Who taste his utmost joys.

Love should like the year be crown'd
With sweet variety;
Hope should in the spring abound,
Kind fears, and jealousy.

In the summer, flowers should rise,
And in the autumn, fruit;
His spring doth else but mock our eyes,
And in a scoff salute.

THE INDIFFERENCE.

Thanks, fair Urania, to your scorn,
I now am free, as I was born.
Of all the pain that I endur'd
By your late coldness I am cur'd.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose
The humblest slave your beauty knows:
In losing you, I but throw down
A haughty tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find
Such charms of person and of mind;
You've beauty, wit, and all things know,—
But where you should your love bestow.

I, unawares, my freedom gave,
And to those tyrants grew a slave:
Would you have kept what you had won,
You should have more compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleasure carry; but no one,
Alas! can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,
And make an idol of disdain;
My hope in love does ne'er expire,
But it extinguishes desire.

Nor yet of those who, ill receiv'd,
Would have it otherwise believ'd;

And, where their love could not prevail,
Take the vain liberty to rail.

Whoe'er would make his victor less,
Must his own weak defence confess;
And, while her power he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,
And speak concern another way;
And all such scorn in me is but
The smoke of fires ill put out.

He's still in torment, whom the rage
To detraction does engage:
In love, indifference is sure
The only sign of perfect cure.

SONG.

"HEARS not my Phillis, how the birds
"Their feather'd mates salute?
"They tell their passion in their words;—
"Must I alone be mute?"

Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

" The god of love in thy bright eyes
" Does like a tyrant reign;
" But in thy heart a child he lies,
" Without his dart or flame."
Phillis, &c.

" So many months in silence past,
" And yet in raging love,
" Might well deserve one word at last
" My passion should approve."
Phillis, &c.

" Must then your faithful swain expire,
" And not one look obtain;
" Which he, to sooth his fond desire,
" Might pleasingly explain?"
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

SONG.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
Faithless as the winds or seas;
Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
Yet she never fails to please.
If with a frown
I am cast down,
Phillis smiling,
And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
Nothing can her fancy fix;
Yet the moment she is kind,
I forgive her all her tricks;
Which though I see,
I can't get free;
She deceiving,
I believing;
What need lovers wish for more?

OUT OF LYCOPHRON.

What shall become of man so wise
When he dies?
None can tell
Whether he goes to heaven or hell
Or, after a few moments here,
He disappear;
And at last
Perish entirely like a beast?

But women, wine, and mirth, we know,
Are all the joys he has below:
Let us then ply those joys we have;
'Tis vain to think beyond the grave.
Out of our reach the gods have laid
Of time to come th' event,
And laugh to see the fools afraid
Of what the knaves invent.

GEORGE DIGBY, EARL OF BRISTOL,

Born in Madrid, 1612: died, 1676. "A singular person, "(says lord Orford) whose life was one contradiction. He "wrote against popery, and embraced it: he was a zealous "opposer of the court, and a sacrifice for it: was con- "scientiously converted, in the midst of his prosecution of "lord Strafford, and was most unconscientiously a prose- "cutor of lord Clarendon. With great parts, he always "hurt himself and his friends; with romantic bravery, "he was always an unsuccessful commander. He spoke "for the test-act though a Roman-catholic; and addicted "himself to astrology on the birth-day of true philosophy." For particulars of his life, and a catalogue of his writings, vide Wood Ath. Vol. II. p. 579.

This eccentric man composed a comedy called "Elvira," from whence the following song is extracted. It was printed in 1667, and obtained his lordship a place in Suckling's "Session of the Poets."

SONG.

See, O see!
How every tree,
Every bower,
Every flower,

A new life gives to others' joys,
Whilst that I
Grief-stricken lie,
Nor can meet
With any sweet
But what faster mine destroys.
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind hath lost all measures!

Hear, O hear!
How sweet and clear
The nightingale
And waters fall
In concert join for others' ears,
Whilst to me,
For harmony,
Every air
Echoes despair,
And every drop provokes a tear,
What are all the senses' pleasures,
When the mind hath lost all measures?

ROBERT VEEL,

Born at Alveston, in Gloucestershire; entered of Edm. Hall, Oxford, in 1663, aged 15; "continued there (says Wood) "about 10 terms; went to the great city, lived after "the manner of poets, in a debauched way, and wrote "partly for the use of his idle and vain companions, but "more to gain money to carry on the trade of folly." Among other things he was author of "New Court Songs "and Poems," 8vo. 1672. He seems to have been an easy versifier, though without much originality.

VANITY OF WORLDLY HAPPINESS.

How eager are our vain pursuits
Of pleasure, and of worldly joys!
And yet, how empty are the fruits!
How full of trouble, grief, and noise!
We to our ancestors new follies add,
Proving ourselves less happy, and more mad.

What, but a tempest, is the world,
Whereon this bark of ours is tost?
Which, by ambition wildly hurl'd,
Is split against a rock, and lost!

The safer vulgar this with wonder see,
And from our ruin learn humility.

With costly silks we do adorn
These stalking pageants, made of clay,
Whose very flowers, when they are worn,
But emblems are of our decay:
Batter'd by sickness, or inflam'd by lust,
Or undermin'd by time, we fall to dust.

FRAILTY OF BEAUTY.

As poor Aurelia sat alone,
Hard by a river's flowery side,
Envious at nature's new-born pride,
Her slighted self thus she reflected on.

Alas! that nature should revive
These flowers, which after winter's snow
Spring fresh again and brisker show;
And for our brighter sex so ill contrive!

Beauty, like them, a short-liv'd thing,
On us in vain he did bestow;
Beauty, that only once can grow,
An autumn has, but knows no second spring.

SNOW.

See how the feather'd blossoms through the air
  Traverse a thousand various paths, to find
On the impurer earth a place that's fair,
  Courting the conduct of each faithless wind!

See how they seem to hover near their end,
  Nicely supported on their doubtful wings,
Yet all by an impulse of fate descend,
  On dunghills some, some on the courts of kings.

Of warmest vapours, which the sun exhales,
  All are compos'd; and, in a short-liv'd hour,
Their dazzling pride and coyest beauty falls,
  Dissolv'd by Phœbus, or a weeping shower.

All, of one matter form'd, to one return:
  Their fall is greatest who are plac'd most high:
Let not the proud presume, or poorest mourn:
  Their fate's decreed, and every one must die.

Boast not of endless wealth, or noble birth;
From earth all come, all must return to earth.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER,

Was born in 1648, and died in 1680. The anecdotes of his life are too numerous for abridgment, and too well known to require insertion in this place.

SONG.

INSULTING beauty, you mis-spend
Those frowns upon your slave;
Your scorn against such rebels bend,
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend
From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That, while I languish in despair,
Many proud senseless hearts declare,
They find you not so killing fair,
To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious freedom boast;
I triumph in my chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost,
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.

SIR FRANCIS FANE, K. B.

This author, who was grandson to the earl of Westmoreland, is very highly commended by Langbaine. Besides a few poems printed in Tate's Miscellanies, he published two plays, viz. "Love in the Dark," a comedy, 1675, and the "Sacrifice," a tragedy, 1686; and a masque. The following is extracted from his comedy.

SONG.

CUPID, I scorn to beg the art
From thy imaginary throne,
To learn to wound another's heart,
Or how to heal my own.

If she be coy, my airy mind
Brooks not a siege; if she be kind,
She proves my scorn that was my wonder;
For, towns that yield I hate to plunder.

Love is a game; hearts are the prize;
Pride keeps the stakes; art throws the dice:

When either's won
The game is done.
Love is a coward, hunts the flying prey,
But when it once stands still, love runs away.

UNCERTAIN AUTHORS.

SONG.

[From "the Academy of Compliments," edit. 1671.]

COME, Chloris, hie we to the bower,
To sport us ere the day be done!
Such is thy power, that every flower
Will ope to thee as to the sun.

And if a flower but chance to die
With my sigh's blast or mine eyes' rain,
Thou canst revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton suckling, and the vine,
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green arms encircle thine,
To keep the burning sun away.

[*From "Windsor Drollery," London*, 1672.]

Cupid once was weary grown
With women's errands—laid him down
On a refreshing rosy bed—
The same sweet covert harboured
A bee; and as she always had
A quarrel with love's idle lad,
Stings the soft boy: pain and strong fears
Straight melts him into cries and tears.
As wings and feet would let each other,
Home he hastens to his mother;
Then on her knees he hangs his head,
And cries, "O mother, I am dead!
"An ugly snake, they call a bee,
"(O see it swell) hath murder'd me."
Venus with smiles replied, "O sir,
"Does a bee's sting make all this stir?
"Think what pains then attend those darts
"Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts:
"E'en let it smart, may chance that then
"Thou'lt learn more pity towards men."

[*In "Wither Redivivus, in a small new-year's-gift," 4to. 1689, and there called "a copy from verses "long since made."*]

[From 11 stanzas.]

Opinion rules the human state,
And domineers in every land;
Shall sea or mountain separate
Whom God hath join'd in nature's band?
Dwell they far, or dwell they near,
They're all my father's children dear.

Lend me the bright wings of the morn,
That I from hence may take my flight
From Cancer unto Capricorn,
Far swifter than the lamp of night:
Where'er my winged soul doth fly
All's fair and lovely in mine eye.

Features and colours of the hair,
These all do meet in harmony;
The black, the brown, the red, the fair,
All tinctures of variety:
In single simple love alone
These various colours are but one.

I' th' phlegmatic I sweetness find,
The melancholy, grave and wise;
The sanguine, merry to my mind,
From choler, flames of love arise:
In single simple love alone
All these complexions are but one.

The nightingale doth never say
(Though he be king of melody)
Unto the cuckoo or the jay,
Why sing you not so sweet as I?
Each tunes his harp in love alone,
These various notes are all but one.

* * * * *

With open arms let me embrace
The Heathen, Christian, Turk, or Jew,
The lovely and deformed face,
The sober and the jovial crew.
In single simple love alone
All forms and features are but one.

* * * * *

REASON.

[In Stephens's "Oxford Miscellanies," 1685, 8vo.]

[From 8 stanzas.]

REASON, thou vain impertinence,
Deluding hypocrite, begone!
And go and plague your men of sense,
But let my love and me alone!

* * * * *

In vain some dreaming thinking fool
Would make thee o'er our senses reign,
And all our noble passions rule,
And constitute this creature man.

In vain some dotard may pretend
Thou art our torch to happiness—
To happiness—which poor mankind
As little know as Paradise.

At best, thou 'rt but a glimmering light,
Which serves not to direct our way;
But, like the moon, confounds our sight,
And only shews it is not day.

* * * * *

COYNESS.

[In the same Collection.]

[From 6 stanzas.]

NAY, I confess I should despise
A too, too easy gotten prize!
Be coy, be cruel yet a while,
Nor grant one gracious look or smile!
Then every little grace from thee
Will seem a heaven on earth to me.

If thou would'st have me still love on
With all the flames I first begun,
Then you must still as scornful be:
For, if you once but burn like me,
My flames will languish and be gone,
Like fire that's shin'd on by the sun.

* * * * *

Nor lay these arts too soon aside,
In hopes your lover fast is tied;
For I have oft an angler seen,
With over-haste, lose all again;
When, if the fool had longer staid,
The harmless fish had been betray'd.

* * * * *

ANTIENT SONG.

[From Dryden's Collection.]

A SILLY shepherd woo'd, but wist not
How he might his mistress' favour gain.
On a time they met, but kiss'd not—
Ever after that he sued in vain.
Blame her not, alas, though she said *nay*
To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing;
Every moment alteration brings;
Love and beauty still estranging;
Women are, alas, but wanton things!
He that will his mistress' favour gain,
Must take her in a merry vein.

A woman's fancy's like a fever,
Or an ague, that doth come by fits;
Hot, and cold, but constant never,
Even as the pleasant humour hits.
Sick, and well again, and well, and sick,
In love it is a woman's trick.

Now she will, and now she will not,
Put her to the trial, if once she smile;
Silly youth, thy fortune spill not,
Lingering labours oft themselves beguile.
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His pick-lock is not worth a pin.

A woman's *nay* is no denial,
Silly youths of love are served so.
Put her to a farther trial,
Haply she'll take it, and say *no.*
For 'tis a trick which women use,
What they love they will refuse.

Silly youth, why dost thou dally?
Having got time and season fit;
Then never stand "Sweet, shall I? shall I?"
Nor too much commend an after wit;
For he that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.

HUE AND CRY AFTER CHLORIS.

[From "Select Ayres," printed for J. Playford, 1669.]

Tell me, ye wandering spirits of the air,
Did you not see a nymph more bright, more fair
Than beauty's darling, or of looks more sweet
Than stol'n content? If such a one ye meet,
Wait on her hourly, wheresoe'er she flies,
And cry, and cry, Amyntor for her absence dies!

Go search the valleys, pluck up every rose,—
You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those.
Fish, fish for pearl or coral—there you'll see
How oriental all her colours be.
Go, call the echoes to your aid, and cry,
Chloris! Chloris! for that's her name for whom
I die!

But stay awhile, I have inform'd you ill;
Were she on earth, she had been with me still:
Go, fly to heaven, examine every sphere,
And try what star hath lately lighted there.
If any brighter than the sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is she!

Conclusion.

CONCLUSION.

As it was a principal object of this Miscellany, to collect such a series of early poetry as should exhibit specimens of our language through all its gradations, it may, perhaps, be convenient to the reader to bring into one point of view, the various conclusions or conjectures which these specimens have suggested. These are dispersed through the first volume of the work, so as to form a succinct and intelligible, if not a satisfactory, history of the formation and early progress of the English language.

The Saxon conquerors of this country, having been converted to Christianity, towards the close of the sixth century, appear to have engaged in the pursuit of learning, with the usual eagerness of proselytes. Great numbers of them, travelling to Rome, in quest of religious truth, distinguished themselves by their zeal and industry, and, returning to their own country, brought with them considerable stores of such learning, as that age could furnish. At a time when single books were estimated so highly, as to form no trifling part of

a valuable patrimony, large libraries were founded at Weremouth, in Northumberland, at Hexham, at York, and other places; and the writings of Venerable Bede, of Alcuinus, and many other scholars who issued from these seminaries, excited universal and merited admiration.

But the scholars of the eighth century, communicating only with each other, and taking little interest in the concerns of such of their fellow-creatures as were unable to express their happiness or misery in Greek or Latin, do not seem to have produced very extensive benefits to mankind. So much of life was wasted in acquiring erudition, that little remained for the application of it; and, as nature seldom produces a long succession of prodigies, learning expired with its first professors. Alfred is said to have lamented that, in his youth, *very few* priests, *south of the Humber*, understood the ordinary service of the church; and that he knew *none*, *south of the Thames*, who were capable of turning a piece of Latin into Saxon.

It may perhaps have been matter of regret to this great monarch that he was unable to naturalize among his subjects the languages of Greece and Rome, which he considered as the depositaries of much useful information; but, by translating into

Saxon the most valuable works of antiquity that could then be procured, he accomplished his purpose more effectually. He at the same time enriched and polished his native language; which, being already the organ of the laws, and becoming, during his reign, the vehicle of religion, of science, and of the arts, acquired a copiousness and elegance, superior to that of any of the Teutonic or Romance dialects, then spoken in Europe.

This era of pure Saxon literature was, however, of short duration. The incessant invasions, and ultimate subjugation of the country by the Danes, a nation of kindred origin, but far inferior to the Saxons in civilization, not only checked the progress of improvement, but nearly replunged our language into its pristine barbarism. Its subsequent recovery was prevented, first by the conduct of Edward the Confessor and his courtiers, who took a miserable pride in adopting a foreign idiom, instead of attempting to restore the energy of their own, and, soon afterwards, by the Norman conquest.

The establishment of our present mixed language, and indeed every link in the chain of its history, may, perhaps, be traced to this important event, as to its remote cause and origin. But the mode of its operation has not been, I think,

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satisfactorily explained; too much having been attributed to the supposed prejudices, and imaginary designs of the conqueror, while the general circumstances in which he was placed, and the obvious tendency of his general policy, have been too much overlooked.

In the first place it seems evident, that if the Normans, after completing their conquest, had readily mingled with the native inhabitants of the country, they could have effected only a very slight and temporary alteration in the Saxon language. Their numbers were too small. For this reason, the ancestors of these very Normans who established themselves in Neustria, produced no sensible change in the Romance dialect of that province. If some few corruptions had been introduced by the first admixture, they probably would have disappeared after one or two generations; and the purity of the written language would have been preserved, by means of the almost innumerable models of composition which then existed, and of which considerable remains are still preserved.

But the general disaffection and spirit of revolt, excited among the English by the evident partiality of the Conqueror to the partners of his victory, compelled him to adopt a system of defence for

his newly acquired dominions, which had a necessary tendency to produce the changes that afterwards took place in the language of his subjects.

It has been observed by all our historians, that the Saxons, though a brave and warlike people, had made little progress in the art of fortification, and that to this circumstance the Danes were indebted for the almost constant success of their piratical incursions. The Normans, on the contrary, surpassed all the nations of Europe in this branch of tactics; and William, availing himself of this superiority, erected numerous citadels, which, being filled with Norman garrisons, secured and over-awed all the towns in the kingdom, and afforded him the means of assembling his army with safety and expedition.

It is evident that each of these garrisons bore a much higher proportion to the number of inhabitants in the neighbouring cities, at whose expense they were, from the first, supported, than that of the whole body of Normans to the aggregate population of the kingdom. It was necessary, therefore, that some mercantile jargon should be adopted as a medium of communication between the foreigners and the natives; and although such a jargon, being only employed for occasional purposes by each, could not immediately displace and become a

substitute for the established language of either: though the Normans were, during a very considerable length of time, completely separated from their English neighbours by the strongest opposition of passions and prejudices: though even their commercial intercourse was very limited: it may be doubted whether these circumstances had not the effect, of ultimately rendering more complete that alteration of language, which they certainly contributed, in the first instance, to retard.

In fact, the most striking peculiarity in the establishment of our vulgar English is, that it appears to have very suddenly superseded the pure and legitimate Saxon, from which its elements were principally derived, instead of becoming its successor, as generally has been supposed, by a slow and imperceptible process. The Saxon, certainly, never ceased to be cultivated during more than a century after the conquest, because the conclusion of the Saxon Chronicle, which relates the death of Stephen, cannot have been written before the following reign: and the translation of Wace, by Layamon, is not likely to have been composed much before the year 1180. From this period, I believe, the language began to decline, but it did not cease till much later; for we have a Saxon charter dated in the 43d year

of Henry III. that is to say, in 1258. It has been often printed, particularly by Lord Lyttelton and Dr. Henry, both of whom have thought it necessary to add an English translation. On the other hand, we possess some English specimens, which, in the opinion of all our antiquaries, cannot be referred to a later period than 1250: it follows therefore that, during several years after the establishment of our present mixed language, the Saxon continued to be the only form of speech known to a large portion of the inhabitants of this country.

Now, if we consider that the Saxon, however it might have degenerated from its former elegance, still retained the advantage of a regular and established grammar, while the construction of the Anglo-Norman, or English, was extremely fluctuating and barbarous; it will probably be thought that the latter could only have acquired the superiority over its parent language by means of the predominant wealth and influence of that part of the community, by whom it was exclusively cultivated. This, I presume, may have been promoted by a succession of fortunate events.

The system devised by the Conqueror, for the purpose of protecting his army against the insurrection of the natives, gave a security to the citizens

against the fears of foreign invasion, or domestic oppression, which they had not hitherto enjoyed, and in which the villagers could not equally participate. The increased trade resulting from the foreign dominions of our sovereigns, and the wealth derived from that trade, was confined almost exclusively to the towns. Lastly, the successive immunities which they purchased from our sovereigns, or from their principal barons, and which led to the general establishment of free municipal governments, must have tended, in concurrence with the preceding causes, considerably to augment the proportion which the inhabitants of the cities had formerly borne to the rest of their countrymen, in point of numbers, wealth, and influence.

As the same happy improvement of their government was likely to obliterate the sources of national hatred between the Norman and English inhabitants; to create an union of interests; to promote the adoption of a common language; and to hasten the improvement of that language by furnishing new and frequent subjects for discussions, at once complicated and interesting; it seems natural that we should assign the complete formation of our present language to the commencement of the thirteenth century, and perhaps to the establishment of Magna Charta. Every inference, that can be

drawn from the inspection of such specimens of very early English as I have had an opportunity of examining, appears to point nearly to the same period.

From this time to the reign of Edward III. our infant language was enriched, or perhaps overloaded, by a constant accession of French words. This, indeed, might be expected. Wealth, when accompanied by freedom, generally gives birth to magnificence, but it does not of necessity and immediately become the parent of taste and invention. During the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, even our kings and nobles were in the habit of expending their whole stock of gaiety, as well as their treasure, on the four great festivals of the year; and the intervening times of leisure were employed in devising modes of amusement, and providing a disposition to be amused. But as the commercial part of the nation had something else to do, they seem to have contented themselves with copying, as nearly as they could, the pleasures of their superiors. Their festivities were conducted with the same minute attention to ceremonial, and diversified with the same or nearly similar sports and representations. Their tables exhibited the same specimens of complicated cookery. The recitation of tales of chivalry was necessary to the

solemnity of these festivals; and as the French minstrels had, long since, pre-occupied the fabulous era of every known history, their English successors were reduced to the necessity of translating. In executing this task, under the constraint of finding a constant succession of rhymes, in a language which was hitherto rude and untractable, they might often be led to borrow the words and phrases of the original. At least it was their interest to adopt and give a currency to every new term, which had acquired the authority of colloquial usage: so that the compositions of our early writers are become nearly unintelligible to those, who are not familiarly acquainted with the Norman vocabulary.

It is very possible that our language may not have received much real improvement from this indiscriminate adoption of foreign idioms; but perhaps it was in some measure indebted to them for its reception at court, where it supplanted the Norman-French, which had exclusively prevailed there, from the time of the conquest. This alteration, which insured to our national literature all the advantages that patronage can bestow, seems to have taken place in the reign of Edward III. whose policy led him to excite a hatred of France among his subjects, and who proscribed

the exclusive use of French in our laws, and in the elements of education. Gower, as we have seen, commenced his literary career by aspiring to the character of a French poet, and only began his English work in his old age, during the reign and by the command of Richard II. The fashionable dialect, therefore, had probably changed during the interval, and it may be presumed, that this change also procured us the advantage of Chaucer's talents, which, from the circumstances of his birth and education, would naturally have been employed, had he written a few years sooner, in cultivating a foreign rather than his native language.

During the whole of this period, the Scotish dialect seems to have been nearly identical with that of England; but its history is, unfortunately, still more obscure than our own. We do not possess a single specimen of the original language spoken in Scotland during the eleventh century; and the only compositions in the Anglo-Norman dialect, anterior to the life of Bruce, are, the song written about 1285, on the death of Alexander III. which is to be seen in the first volume of this work, and a romance attributed to Thomas of Erceldoun, which, I believe, was first discovered by Mr. Ritson in the Advocate's Library at Edinburgh.

This very curious poem, is apparently coeval with Adam Davie's romance of Alisaunare,* which it resembles in some degree, by the shortness and abruptness of its diction. It is written in a very singular and difficult stanza of eleven lines, which proves the author to have possessed a degree of metrical skill, very unusual at that early period; and has, besides, a plausible claim to the still more unusual merit of originality; as it seems to be quoted in a French metrical fragment of "Tristram," which represents the narrative of *Thomas* as of high authority. But it is evident, that, however interesting in itself, or honourable to Scotish poetry, it can give us no assistance in tracing the progress of language in Scotland, from any original form, into the mixed state in which it is here exhibited.

In this dearth of materials it became necessary to have recourse to conjecture; and two hypotheses have been offered, both of which are recommended by much acute reasoning, and supported by a number of respectable authorities.

* I am happy in being able to add, that our stock of ancient English literature, is likely to be soon enriched by accurate editions of both these very interesting works. The former will be published under the direction of Mr. Walter Scott, and the latter by Mr. Park.

Mr. Pinkerton, in a very ingenious and learned essay, prefixed to his extracts from the Maitland MSS. contends that the original language of Scotland was, like the Saxon and Danish, a dialect of the Gothic: that it was introduced by the Picts, a Scandinavian tribe who preceded the Scots, a Celtic colony from Ireland: and that the French part of the subsequent mixed language, was produced by the frequent intermarriages of the Scotish kings and nobles, during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, with ladies of Anglo-Norman blood, and by the long residence of these princes in the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland, which they held, as feudatories, of the crown of England.

Mr. Ritson, on the contrary, in a no less elaborate essay, prefixed to his selection of Scotish songs, attempts to prove by a long chain of authorities, that the Picts were, no less than the Scots, a Celtic nation: that the Gaelic language was formerly universal in Scotland; but that having never been employed in works of literature, it was gradually superseded by the English, in consequence of those relations with this country, which resulted from the policy of Malcolm III. and his successors.

It is evidently impossible to reconcile anta-

gonists who have no one opinion in common, and who interpret differently the same authorities, and draw opposite conclusions from the few facts on which they are agreed. I shall therefore content myself with stating, as correctly as I can, the present amount of our information on the subject, and leave the result to the determination of the reader.

It seems to be satisfactorily proved by Mr. Macpherson, in his "Geographical Illustrations of "Scotish History," that the kingdom of Northumberland, founded by the Angles in the sixth century, extended from the Humber as far as the southern bank of the Firth of Forth; and, following that shore to the westward, as far as the Graemis-Dyke, included the provinces of Lothian and Galloway; a country, in superficial extent, not far short of one-fourth, and in wealth and population equal, perhaps, to about a third, of what we now call Scotland. These provinces, though claimed by the kings of England after the union of the Heptarchy, were definitively ceded by Edgar to Kenneth king of the Scots and Picts, on condition that "he should do homage for this part of his "dominions to the crown of England, and pre-"serve to the inhabitants their ancient customs

" and laws, as well as the *appellation* and *language* " of Englishmen." *

The whole western region, comprehended between the mountains and the sea, was occupied by the Scots, whose language is universally admitted to have been Gaelic.

Lastly, the eastern coast to the northward of the Forth, is to be allotted to the Picts, and when it shall be ascertained who the Picts were, and what was their original dialect, it will only remain to determine when and why they relinquished that dialect, for the purpose of talking English.

Such seems to have been the distribution of the country when Malcolm III. in 1057, mounted the throne of Scotland. We all know that during the usurpation of Macbeth he had been carried into England, where he spent seventeen years; and that at the end of this time he was reinstated in his dominion, by means of an army raised in Northumberland, the earldom of his uncle Siward.

Hitherto, the usual residence of the kings of Scotland had been at Forteviot, or elsewhere in

* Fecitque Kineth Regi Eadgaro homagium, sub cautione multa promittens, quod populo partis illius antiquas consuetudines non negaret, et *sub nomine* et *linguâ Anglicanâ permanerent*. Quod usque hodie firmum manet. Wallingford ap. Gale. Vol. III. p. 545.

the neighbourhood of the Tay; but Malcolm was induced, both by motives of taste and policy, to remove his court to the southward, to the castles of Dunfermline and Edinburgh. Having been educated in England, he might naturally prefer a residence in a Saxon province: it was no less natural, that he should wish to remove from a part of his kingdom, where the partizans of his predecessor were perhaps still numerous: and, after the conquest of England by the Normans, it became highly necessary that the kings of Scotland should be enabled, by their vicinity to the frontier, to watch over the conduct of an ambitious and powerful neighbour.

To this essential policy Malcolm was by no means inattentive. He supported to the utmost of his power, both by negotiation and by force of arms, the Saxon party in England; he married the sister of Edgar Atheling; distributed grants of lands to the companions of her exile; and afforded an asylum in his dominions to the numerous crowds of fugitives who, during the sanguinary expedition of William the Conqueror, in 1070, were expelled from the northern provinces of England. By these means he probably increased very considerably the population and industry of his country; he certainly added much to its poli-

tical influence; and we are not surprised that his long and active reign should be considered as the commencement of an important era in the history of Scotland, distinguished by a very considerable change in the manners and language of its inhabitants.

What was the precise nature and extent of this change, can now only be conjectured. Perhaps it was merely such as tended to diminish the difference between the English and Scotish dialects of the Saxon, and was occasioned by the numerous emigrations from England. At least it does not seem probable, that Malcolm and Edgar Atheling should have introduced into Scotland the language of their bitterest enemies. Mr. Pinkerton, indeed, contends that the Norman was the universal speech of the English nobles, during the reign of Edward the Confessor: and it is certain that there existed at his court a strong Norman party; and that he employed a foreign language in preference to his own, and delighted in the conversation of Norman favourites. Yet it is rather improbable that the whole body of Saxon nobles,—that the great council of the nation, who in 1052 decreed the banishment of all those foreigners,—and who, for the purpose of securing their country against the dominion of a Norman, raised to the throne

a Saxon nobleman, distinguished by his hatred to that nation,—should have imitated the phraseology of Edward, a sovereign whom they generally and justly despised.

But, be this as it may, the Saxon party in England having been annihilated, even before the death of Malcolm, his successors had no motive for continuing an unsuccessful struggle against a power now firmly established. His three sons, Edgar, Alexander, and David, who after the short reign of their uncle, Donald Baan, successively mounted the throne of Scotland, united themselves as closely as possible with the Norman kings of England. Their sister Matilda was married to Henry I. Alexander to Sybilla, a natural daughter of the same Henry; David to the heiress of Northumberland: and, during these three reigns, including a period of 56 years, from 1097 to 1153, the intercourse between the two kingdoms appears to have been as uninterrupted, as if they had been governed by a common sovereign. David, indeed, who passed many years at the court of his brother-in-law, acquired such an affection for Norman customs, that he was considered by his subjects as a Frenchman. He seems to have adopted the whole system of Norman jurisprudence: he promoted the marriage of his female wards with

Norman barons: he encouraged, by numerous privileges, the settlement of English and Norman artisans and merchants in the Scotish towns;* and so far increased the commerce of his kingdom, that in the reign of his grandson, William the Lion, the burghs were enabled to furnish three-eighths of the whole national contribution.† I should therefore be tempted to ascribe to this reign, and to the concurrence of the above-mentioned causes, that change of language, which is generally attributed to the policy of Malcolm III.

If it were proved that the Norman-French was, at any time, the usual language of the court of Scotland, I should think it must have been so, at this period. But it is to be considered that, in these early times, the courts of princes were, during great part of the year, composed solely of their

* The army of William the Lion in 1173 is said to have contained a considerable number of *English;* and William of Newborough observes that, at this time, they formed the bulk of the inhabitants in all the towns of Scotland. By *English*, the historian probably meant people who talked a language composed of Saxon and French; for it is not credible that the towns of Scotland were peopled with natives of England.

† See Stowe's Annals, A. D. 1205.

own families and immediate attendants; their *plenar courts*, that is to say, the general councils or assemblies of their nobles, were only periodical; and I should much doubt whether, in such assemblies of Scotish barons, the French language was ever universal or even general. It is not easy to assign any motive, which could have induced these independent chieftains, to undergo the drudgery of learning a new phraseology. Besides, in estimating the relative efficacy of the causes, which may be supposed to corrupt or change the speech of nations, I should attribute much less to the influence of kings and nobles, who must be comparatively few, than to the active intercourse produced, among the more numerous classes of mankind, by the relations of commerce.

It is well known, that in Cornwall the Celtic dialect has been, almost within our own memory, completely obliterated: in Wales it has been evidently diminished: and the distinctions of dialect in our English provinces, are daily becoming less conspicuous. The reason seems to be that, in poor countries, the price of mere manual labour is usually lower, and that of ingenuity often much higher, than among their richer neighbours. The Cornish and Welsh labourers, therefore, have a

constant inducement to emigrate, in search of a more plentiful subsistence; while English miners and mechanics are tempted, by the hope of higher wages, to settle in Wales and Cornwall. A similar transfer and circulation of inhabitants, has taken place, in our English provinces, by the natural operation of the towns; whose constantly decreasing population is supplied from the country, while a certain number of small traders and artizans are driven into the villages, where the profits of their trade or ingenuity, are free from the danger of competition. By such a process, all peculiarities of dialect must be ultimately, though slowly and imperceptibly, extinguished.

Now it is evident that the unreserved communication between the Scots and English, during the twelfth century, could not fail of greatly increasing among the former the catalogue of their artificial wants; and that this must augment their vocabulary by a large importation of foreign words. And if, to all the articles of luxury, parade, and magnificence, multiplied as they were by the variations of fashion, we add the terms of chicane, and war, and hunting, for all of which our islanders were indebted to Norman ingenuity, we may perhaps find sufficient grounds to believe that a

language very nearly, if not perfectly identical with the English, was likely to be formed in the southern provinces of Scotland, before the termination of the twelfth century.

THE END.

BIRMINGHA
REFERENC
LIBRARY

ALPHABETICAL LIST

OF THE

SPECIMENS.

A.

A MAN may live thrice Nestor's life. Norton. II. 108.
A neighbour mine not long ago there was. Sidney. II. 227.
A silly shepherd woo'd, but wist not. Anon. II. 394.
A time there was, and divers there be yet. Anon. III. 119.
A vale there is, enwrapt with dreadful shades. Southwell. II. 168.
A woman's face is full of wiles. Gifford. II. 174.
About the sweet bag of a bee. Herrick. III. 312.
Adieu, desert, how art thou spent. Anon. II. 67.
Ah me. Wither. III. 78.
Ah when will this long weary day have end. Spenser. II. 207.
All ye that grieve to think my death so near. Watson. II. 281.
Am I despis'd because you say. Herrick. III. 283.
Amarantha sweet and fair. Lovelace. III. 248.
Amaryllis I did woo. Wither. III. 67.
Amongst the myrtles as I walk'd. Carew. III. 138.
And would you see my mistress' face. Campion. III. 20.
Anger in hasty words or blows. Waller. III. 166.
Another scorns the homespun thread of rhymes. Hall. II. 352.

April is past, then do not shed. Kinaston. III. 241.
As at noon Dulcina rested. Raleigh. II. 189.
As Cupid took his bow and bolt. Anon. III. 321.
As it fell upon a day. Shakspeare, or rather Barnefield. II. 320.
As poor Aurelia sat alone. Veel. III. 382.
Ask me no more where Jove bestows. Carew. III. 143.
Ask me why I send you here. Carew. III. 137.
At liberty I sit and see. Anon. II. 66.
Away, fond thing, tempt me no more. Cokain. III. 192.
Away with these self-loving lads. Ld. Brook. II. 236.

B.

Beauties, have ye seen a toy. Jonson. II. 349.
Beauty clear and fair. Beaumont and Fletcher. III. 51.
Beauty, sweet love, is like the morning dew. Daniel. II. 289.
Because I breathe not love to every one. Sidney. II. 225.
Before my face the picture hangs. Wastell. II. 323.
Being your slave what should I do but tend. Shakspeare. II. 317.
Beware, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths. Sylvester. II. 299.
Blame not my lute though it do sound. John Hall. II. 92.
Blessings as rich and fragrant crown your heads. Vaughan. III. 304.
Blow, blow thou winter wind. Shakspeare. II. 307.

C.

Chaste lovely Laura 'gan disclose. Cotton. III. 348.
Chloris farewell, I now must go. Waller. III. 164.
Chloris I cannot say your eyes. Sedley. III. 367.
Choose the darkest part o' th' grove. Dryden. III. 352.
Come and let us live, my dear. Crashaw. III. 197.
Come away, come away death. Shakspeare. II. 313.
Come Chloris, hie we to the bower. Anon. III. 388.

Come, come, dear nymph, love's mart of blisses. Chapman. II. 264.
Come, little infant, love me now. Marvell. III. 270.
Come live with me, and be my dear. Raleigh. II. 195.
Come live with me, and be my love. Marlowe. II. 296.
Come my Celia, let us prove. Jonson. II. 347.
Come, O come, I brook no stay. Cartwright. III. 210.
Come spur away. Randolph. III. 185.
Cœlia jealous lest I did. Hannay. III. 109.
Cruel you be who can say nay. Puttenham. II. 136.
Cupid abroad was lated in the night. Green. II. 161.
Cupid and my Campaspe play'd. Lylie. II. 213.
Cupid I scorn to beg the art. Fane, III. 386.
Cupid once was weary grown. Anon. III. 389.

D.

Daphnis must from Chloe part. Marvell. III. 266.
Dear, do not your fair beauty wrong. May. III. 108.
Dear quirister who from those shadows sends. Drummond. III. 57.
Did you behold that glorious star, my dear. Prestwich. III. 300.
Distill not poison in mine ears. John Hall. III. 299.
Divers thy death do diversly bemoan. Ld. Surrey. II. 50.
Do not conceal thy radiant eyes. Kinaston. III. 239.
Do 'way your physic, I faint no more. Anon. II. 76.
Down, stormy passions, down, no more. King. III. 93.
Draw near. Stanley. III. 289.
Draw on sweet night best friend unto those cares. Anon. III. 116.
Drink to me only with thine eyes. Jonson. II. 348.

E.

Early cheerful mounting lark. Davis. II. 338.
Even such is time, which takes in trust. Raleigh. II. 195.

F.

Faint amorist, what dost thou think. Sidney. II. 218.
Fair Amynta art thou mad. Sedley. III. 372.

Fame, honour, beauty, state, trains, blood, and birth. Digby. III. 154.
Fear no more the heat o' th' sun. Shakspeare. II. 315.
Fierce tyrant death, that in thy wrath didst take. E. of Sterling. III. 26.
Fine young folly, though you were. Habington. III. 178.
From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race. Ld. Surrey. II. 46.
Fuscus is free, and hath the world at will. Davis. II. 337.

G.

Gaze not on thy beauty's pride. Carew. III. 139.
Get you gone, you will undo me. Sedley. III. 370.
Give me a heart where no impure. Habington. III. 183.
Give place, ye lovers, here before. Ld. Surrey. II. 52.
Give place you ladies, and be gone. Anon. II. 69.
Go and catch a falling star. Donne. II. 344.
Go, lovely rose. Waller. III. 168.
Go soul, the body's guest. Raleigh. II. 185.
Good huswife provides, ere sickness do come. Tusser. II. 116.
Goodmorrow to the day so fair. Herrick. III. 284.
Good muse rock me asleep. Breton. II. 251.
Gorbo as thou cam'st this way. Drayton. II. 302.
Great captain Medon wears a chain of gold. Davis. II. 336.
Greensleeves was all my joy. Anon. III. 327.

H.

Hail, thou fairest of all creatures. Wither. III. 70.
Happy is that state of his. Brathwayt. III. 83.
Happy, oh happy he who not affecting. Anon. III. 117.
Having interr'd her infant birth. Ld. Herbert of Cherbury. III. 34.
He first deceas'd, she for a little tried. Wotton. II. 334.
He that loves a rosy cheek. Carew. III. 137.
He whose active thoughts disdain. Stanley. III. 287.

Hear, ye virgins, and I'll teach. Herrick. III. 281.
Hears not my Phillis, how the birds. Sedley. III. 375.
Heart-tearing cares, and quivering fears. Wotton. II. 331.
Hence all you vain delights Beaumont and Fletcher. III. 48.
Hence away thou Syren leave me. Wither. III. 74.
Here Celia for thy sake I part. Waller. III. 171.
Here's to thee Dick, this whining love despise. Cowley. III. 253.
Honest lover whosoever. Suckling. III. 217.
How eager are our vain pursuits. Veel. III. 381.
How happy a thing were a wedding. Flatman. III. 363.
How I laugh at their fond wish. Gomersall. III. 150.
How uneasy is his life. Cotton. III. 347.
How we dally out our days. Gomersall. III. 151.
Husband if thou wilt pure appear. Kendall. II. 200.

I.

I ask not one in whom all beauties grow. Cowley. III. 254.
I being care, thou fliest me as ill fortune. Constable. II. 276.
I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair. Anon. III. 325.
I felt my heart and found a flame. Lluellyn. III. 350.
I find it true that some have said. Willoby. II. 341.
I in these flowery meads would be. Walton. III. 101.
I laugh sometimes with little lust. Gascoigne, II. 142.
I made a posy while the day ran by. Herbert. III. 99.
I muse and marvell in my mind. Scot. II. 96.
I must alledge, and thou canst tell. Gascoigne. II. 145.
I must not grieve my love whose eyes would read. Daniel. II. 289.
I never stoop'd so low as they. Donne. II. 345.
I never yet could see that face. Cowley. III. 259.
I once may see when years shall wreck my wrong. Daniel. II. 288.
I pray thee love, love me no more. Drayton. II. 305.
I prithee leave this peevish fashion. Brome. III. 273.

I read how Salmacis sometime with sight. Turbervile. II. 151.
I see there is no sort. Anon. II. 72.
I tell thee Dick where I have been. Suckling. III. 221.
I walk'd along a stream for pureness rare. Marlowe. II. 297.
I weigh not fortune's frown or smile. Sylvester. II. 300.
I with whose colours Myra drest her head. Ld. Brook. II. 234.
I'll tell you whence the rose did first grow red. Anon. III. 313
If banish'd sleep and watchful care. Turbervile. II. 150.
If ever sorrow spoke from soul that loves. Constable. II. 275.
If marriage life yield such content. Brathwayt. III. 81.
If mine eyes do e'er declare. Cowley. III. 256.
If that the world and love were young. Raleigh. II. 188.
If the quick spirits in your eye. Carew. III. 135.
If this be love to draw a weary breath. Daniel. II. 287.
If thou like her flowing tresses. Prestwich. III. 302.
If truth may take no trusty hold. John Hall. II. 90.
In a grove most rich of shade. Sidney. II. 219.
In Bowdown on black monday. Clapperton. II. 99.
In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept. Edwards. II. 113.
In hope a king doth go to war. Anon. III. 115.
In the merry month of May. Breton, II. 250.
In Thetis' lap while Titan took his rest. Watson. II. 278.
In thy fair breast, and once fair soul. Sir R. Howard. III. 278.
In time the bull is brought to wear the yoke. Watson. II. 279.
Insulting beauty, you mis-spend. E. of Rochester. III. 384.

Invest my head with fragrant rose. Heath. III. 292.
It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain. Davison. III. 15.

K.

Know Celia since thou art so proud. Carew. III. 141.
Know then, my brethren, heaven is clear. Quarles. III. 96.

L.

Laid in my quiet bed to rest. Gifford. II. 175.
Like as the culver on the bared bough. Spenser. II. 204.
Like as the damask rose you see. Wastell. II. 325.
Like the violet which alone. Habington. III. 181.
Like to Diana in her summer-weed. Green. II. 164.
Little think'st thou, poor ant, who there. Fleckno. III. 306.
Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose. Daniel. II. 286.
Lord how you take upon you still. Cotton. III. 341.
Lordly gallants tell me this. Wither. III. 67.
Love and my mistress were at strife. Breton. II. 256.
Love, brave virtue's younger brother. Crashaw. III. 198.
Love in fantastic triumph sat. Behn. III. 339.
Love in her sunny eyes does basking play. Cowley. III. 256.
Love is a region full of fires. Sir J. Beaumont. III. 44.
Love is a sickness full of woes. Daniel. II. 294.
Love not me for comely grace. Anon. III. 116.
Love still has something of the sea. Sedley. III. 371.
Love when 'tis true needs not the aid. Sedley. III. 368.
Love's sooner felt than seen, his substance thin. P. Fletcher. III. 42.

M.

Madam, withouten many words. Wyatt. II. 43.
Margarita first possess'd. Cowley. III. 261.
Mark how the bashful morn in vain. Carew III. 140.
Mark Ostella when the spring. Tatham. III. 231.

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer. Spenser. II. 204.
Martial the things that do attain. Ld. Surrey. II. 51.
Melancholy hence and get. Shirley. III. 103.
Mirth and nuptial joys betide. Baron. III. 337.
Mournful muses, sorrow's minions. Breton. II. 255.
My golden locks time hath to silver turn'd. Anon. II. 358.
My heedless heart, which love yet never knew. Watson. II. 280.
My love I cannot thy rare beauties place. Smith. II. 343.
My lute awake, perform the last. Anon. II. 63.
My lute be as thou wast when thou didst grow. Drummond. III. 56.
My muse by thee restor'd to life. Davison. III. 13.
My once dear love, hapless that I no more. King. III. 94.
My Phillis hath the morning sun. Dyer. II. 156.
My senses all, like beacon's flame. Ld. Brook. II. 237.
My shag-hair'd Cyclops come let's ply. Lylie. II. 215.
My true love hath my heart and I have his. Sidney. II. 233.
My wanton muse that whilom us'd to sing. Raleigh. II. 183.
My wife if thou regard mine ease. Kendall. II. 198.

N.

Naked love did to thine eye. Sherburne. III. 233.
Nay I confess I should despise. Anon. III. 393.
No Cynthia, never think I can. Sir R. Howard. III. 279.
No more, no more of this I vow. Brome. III. 274.
No victor when in battle spent. D'Avenant. III. 158.
Not Celia that I juster am. Sedley. III. 366.
Not long ago as I at supper sat. Breton. II. 244.
Not stayed state, but feeble stay. Yloop. II. 121.
Not the phœnix in his death. Habington. III. 180.
Now each creature joys the other. Daniel. II. 290.

Now have I learn'd with much ado at last. Raleigh. II. 182.
Now I find thy looks were feign'd. Lodge. II. 262.
Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger. Milton. III. 196.
Now the hungry lion roars. Shakspeare. II. 310.

O.

O yes! O yes! if any maid. Lylie. II. 214.
Oh cruel love on thee I lay. Lylie. II. 215.
Oh for a bowl of fat canary. Lylie. II. 212.
Oh happy golden age. Daniel. II. 291.
Oh that I could write a story. Breton. II. 253.
Oh senseless man that murmurs still. Cotton. III. 343.
Oh vain world's glory, and unstedfast state. Spenser. II. 208.
Oh what a pain is love. Anon. III. 313.
Oh would to God a way were found. E. of Sterling. III. 29.
On a day, alack the day. Shakspeare. II. 308.
On a hill that grac'd the plain. Brown. III. 88.
On a hill there grows a flower. Breton. II. 248.
Only joy now here you are. Sidney. II. 223.
Opinion rules the human state. Anon. III. 390.
Or love me less, or love me more. Godolphin. III. 202.
Our sighs are heard just heaven declares. Waller. III. 165.

P.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day. Heywood. III. 23.
Pale sad Aurora leave thy showers to rain. Murray. III. 63.
Passions are liken'd best to floods and streams. Raleigh. II. 192.
Phillida was a fair maid. Anon. II. 77.
Phillis is my only joy. Sedley, III. 377.
Phillis let's shun the common fate. Sedley. III. 365.
Phillis this early zeal assuage. Sedley. III. 369.
Phillis why should we delay. Waller. III. 169.
Phœbus arise. Drummond. III. 57.

Poets may boast, as safely vain. Waller. III. 175.
Ponder thy cares, and sum them all in one. Murray. III. 64.
Poor Chloris wept, and from her eyes. Anon. III. 317.
Prithee die and set me free. Denham. III. 228.
Prithee why so angry sweet. Cotton. III. 345.

Q.

Quoth he not long since was a man. Warner. II. 270.

R.

Reason, thou vain impertinence. Anon. III. 392.
Remov'd from fair Urania's eyes. Flatman III. 363.
Return my joys and hither bring. Strode. III. 147.

S.

Sacred spirit whilst thy lyre. Sheppard. III. 295.
Sad eyes what do you ail. Wither. III. 72.
See how the feather'd blossoms thro' the air. Veel. III. 383.
See, O see. E. of Bristol. III. 379.
See these two little brooks that slowly creep. Cartwright. III. 205.
Sees not my love how time resumes. Waller. III. 174.
Servant, farewell, is this my hire. Hannay. III. 110.
Seven times hath Janus ta'en new year by hand. Tusser. II. 118.
Shall I hopeless then pursue. Sherburne. III. 235.
Shall I tell you whom I love. Brown. III. 86.
Shall I, wasting in despair. Wither. III. 65.
She loves and she confesses too. Cowley. III. 260.
Shepherd what's love, I pray thee tell. Raleigh. II. 193.
Should I sigh out my days in grief. Stevenson. III. 309.
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more. Shakspeare. II. 311.
Silence in truth would speak my sorrow best. Wotton. II. 333.
Since love will needs that I shall love. Wyatt. II. 45.

Since secret spite hath sworn my woe. Breton. II. 240.
Since there's no help come let us kiss and part. Drayton. II. 305.
Sing lullaby as women do. Gascoigne II. 143.
Sitting by a river's side. Green. II. 162.
Sleep, old man, let silence charm thee. Beaumont. III. 53.
Sleep, silence' child sweet father of soft rest. Drummond. III. 55.
So glides along the wanton brook. E. of Pembroke. III. 32.
So light is love in matchless beauty shining. Anon. III. 117.
Somnus the humble god that dwells. Denham. III. 230.
Spring of beauty, mine of pleasure. Collop. III. 356.
Stay, Clarastella, prithee stay. Heath. III. 293.
Steer, hither steer your winged pines. Brown. III. 89.
Still-born silence, thou that art. Fleckno. III. 308.
Still do the stars impart their light. Cartwright. III. 206.
Still to be neat, still to be drest. Jonson. II. 349.
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content. Green. II. 158.
Sweet bird that sing'st away the early hours. Drummond. III. 61.
Sweet I do not pardon crave. Davison. III. 14.
Sweet solitary life thou true repose. Lodge. II. 259.
Sweet spring thou turn'st with all thy goodly train. Drummond. III. 60.
Sweet violets, love's paradise that spread. Raleigh. II. 181.
Sweetly breathing vernal air. Carew. III. 131.

T.

Take, oh take those lips away. Beaumont and Fletcher. III. 47.
Tell me, dearest, what is love. Beaumont and Fletcher. III. 50.
Tell me not of joy, there's none. Cartwright. III. 207.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind. Lovelace. III. 249.
Tell me, Utrechia, since my fate. Carew. III. 144.
Tell me where is Fancy bred. Shakspeare. II. 312.
Tell me ye wandering spirits of the air. Anon. III. 396.
Thanks, fair Urania, to your scorn. Sedley. III. 373.
That which her slender waist confin'd. Waller. III. 170.
The dawning day begins to glare. John Hall. II. 93.
The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy. Q. Elizabeth. II. 134.
The earth late choak'd with showers. Lodge. II. 261.
The fountains drink caves subterrene. Fleckno. III. 307.
The glories of our blood and state. Shirley. III. 107.
The lopped tree in time may grow again. Southwell. II. 167.
The maple with a scarry skin. Hannay. III. 111.
The mist is gone that blear'd mine eyes. Anon. II. 354.
The monument which thou beholdest here. Ld. Herbert of Cherbury. III. 38.
The rushing rivers that do run. Googe. II. 147.
The smoky sighs, the bitter tears. Anon. II. 71.
The silly swain whose love breeds discontent. Anon. II. 361.
The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings. Ld. Surrey. II. 53
The sturdy rock for all his strength. Yloop. II. 123.
The sun, the season in each thing. W. H. II. 359.
The ways on earth have paths and turnings known. E. of Essex. II. 327.
The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green. Spenser. II. 205.
There's no dallying with love. Sherburne. III. 234.
There was a man of stature big. Warner. II. 268.
There were three ravens sat on a tree. Anon. II. 119.
This crystal here. John Hall. III. 298.
This garden does not take my eyes. Shirley. III. 104.

This life of ours is like a rose. E. of Sterling. III. 28.
This world a hunting is. Drummond. III. 61.
Think not 'cause men flattering say. Carew. III. 132.
Thou art not fair for all thy red and white. Sylvester. II. 301.
Thou art pretty but inconstant. Anon. III. 319.
Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves. Fanshaw. III. 194.
Thou ever youthful god of wine. Nabbes. III. 212.
Thou silent moon that look'st so pale. Anon. III. 323.
Thou youthful goddess of the morn. Sherburne. III. 236.
Though when I lov'd thee thou wert fair. Stanley. III. 286.
Though winds do rage as winds were wood. Tusser. II. 117.
Though you be absent here I needs must say. Cowley. III. 254.
Thrice happy he who by some shady grove. Drummond. III. 59.
Thy beauty subject of my song I make. Smith. II. 342.
Time I ever must complain. Hagthorpe. III. 112.
Time is a feather'd thing. Mayne. III. 156.
'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood. Beaumont and Fletcher. III. 46.
'Tis now since I sat down before. Suckling. III. 219.
'Tis very true I thought you once as fair. Cowley. III. 255.
To carve our loves in myrtle rinds. Cartwright. III. 204.
To die dame nature did man frame. Yloop. II. 122.
To love unlov'd it is a pain. Scot. II. 95.
To these whom death again did wed. Crashaw. III. 200.
To this my song give ear who list. Anon. II. 73.
Tune on my pipe the praises of my love. Green. II. 159.

U.

Unclose those eye-lids and outshine. Glapthorne. III. 215.
Under the green-wood tree. Shakspeare. II. 316.

W.

Walking in a shadowy grove. Belchier. III. 39.
Wantons, 'tis not your sweet eyings. Wither. III. 68.
We that have known no greater state. Heywood. III. 24.
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan. Beaumont and Fletcher. III. 49.
Well then, I now do plainly see. Cowley. III. 258.
What bird so sings, yet so does wail. Lylie. II. 211.
What is th' existence of man's life. King. III. 91.
What makes Admetus sad? whate'er it be. Anon. III. 118.
What pleasures have great princes. Anon. II. 357.
What shall become of man so wise. Sedley. III. 378.
What sudden chance or change is this. Willoby. II. 339.
What thing is beauty nature's dearest minion. Anon. III. 122.
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